Hordes of bikers fail to materialize

By ALAN von FINSTER
Special to the Martlet

For weeks the rumor had been circulating..."Bikers, man. Three thousand of 'em. Right in front of the Legislature, protestin' the new insurance rates."

It was easy to picture the inner harbour of Victoria alive with machines, with representatives of every corner of motorcycledom: the roar of Nortons blending with the scream of two-stroke dirt bikes, with the purring of Hondas for a background, and the air-bruising throb of the big twins, Harleys, Indians, and perhaps even the phantom Vincent that's seen on dark, rainy nights on the old Island Highway. The only problem was that nobody seemed to know just when this happening was to be.

Thursday was the first real spring day, so it was screw the essay for the forty-seventh day in a row and take the thumper for a run. On sunny days there's generally good scenery walking around downtown, so off went this reporter to enjoy it. Riding by the Legislature building, I discerned a small group of motorcycles in front.

That's right, it was the great protest. Fifteen bikes, an old postal van, and a motorcycle cop. The latter was the center of attention, with the minion of the law being bombarded by questions such as:

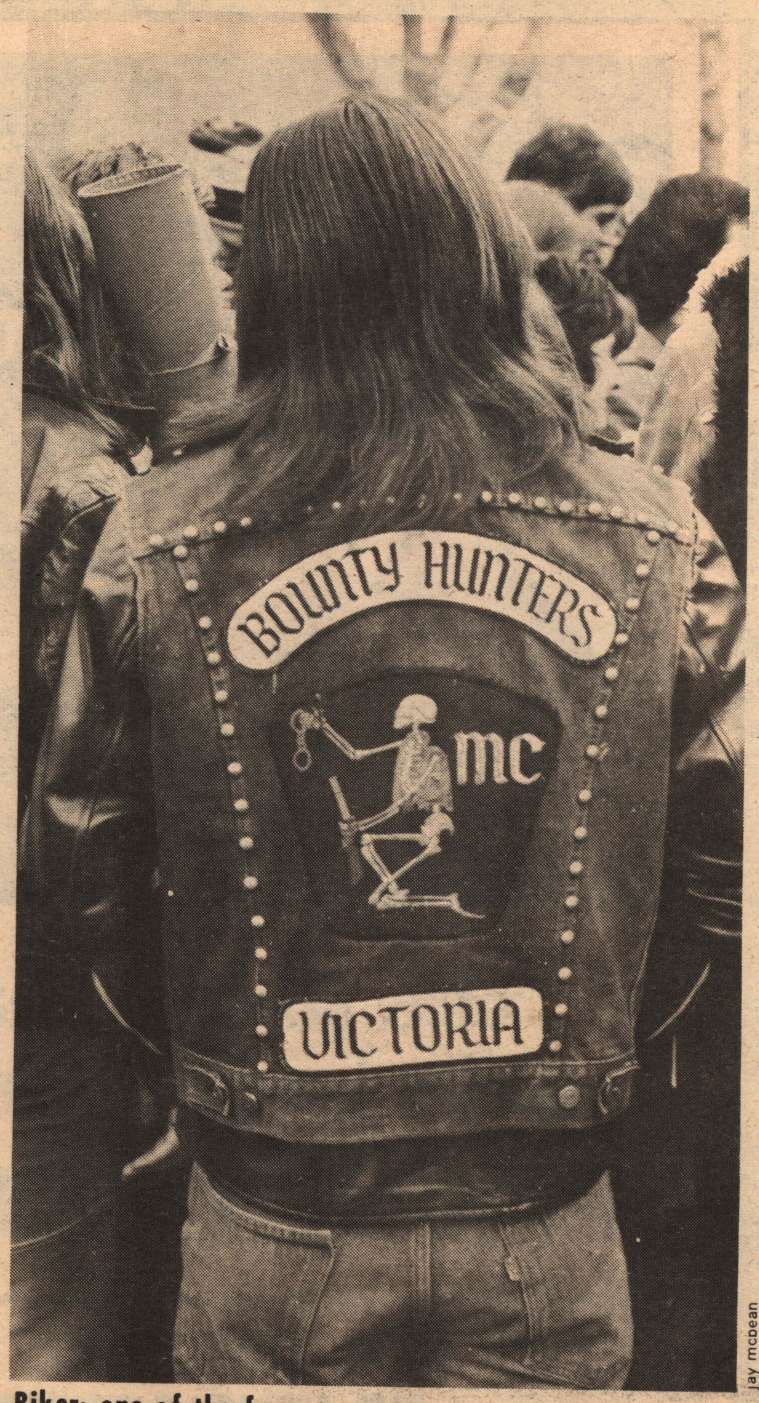
"How many cylinders?"
"Will it go a hundred?"
"Huh?"

After a few minutes of this, he could stomach no more, and made a surprisingly graceful exit considering the number of people standing directly in front of his bike.

A long procession of bikers cruised by. The respectable kids on their bright & shiny stock Hondas would gawk at their more or less grubby compatriots and smoothly acce lerate off. The other extreme would lurch by on rough looking and sounding Nortons and Harleys that obviously were not made for city streets but rather the open road.

As soon as it was apparent that there was no likker, dope, or nekid wimen, they too would disappear in the general direction of the setting sun. Even the contingent of motorcycle groupies that had skipped out of some junior high school to make the scene soon shivered and disappeared towards town.

By four the field had dwindled to a few hapless individuals who had given up the best afternoon of riding in four months to stand in the chill shadow of the Legislature Buildings. An unreliable source stated that when he had arrived at about ten thirty that morning, there had been sixty bikes, but as soon as the television camera crews left, everyone else did. All told, it was a disappointing show, devoid of organization and to a large degree purpose: most rates for motorcyclists have now been reduced.



jay mcbean

Biker: one of the few

volume 13 number 25
march 7, 1974
victoria, b.c.
university of victoria

Martlet

Committee searches, Schoeck lectures

There are no new developments in the search to find a new UVic president.

The unwieldy 14-member "Advisory Committee to Nominate Candidates for the Presidency," in other words, the selection committee, has met but made no decisions other than to meet again.

In the mean time all the candidates and rumored candidates have "no comments" to make--except for the English department's fair haired nominee, Richard J. Schoeck of Washington D.C.'s Folger Shakespeare Library, who has given two lectures, met with selected faculty members in English department head David Jeffrey's home Tuesday night and spoken in some English classes.

Rumored front-runner fine arts dean Peter Smith still hasn't announced his candidacy or lack of it and at press time couldn't be contacted.

Even David Worthy, the only student known to be bidding to replace High Farquhar when he leaves UVic June 30, has changed from last week's more talkative line to a not-so-terse "sorry, I really can't comment..."

Asked to comment on the proceedings of the committee last week, member Charles "Danny" Daniels stated: "I don't know shit from shinola."

Tuesday, student rep Kirk Patterson told the Martlet that he'd heard of him but hadn't had a look at the dossier yet. (really!)

Committee chairperson Stephen Cunliffe refused to speak to the Martlet Tuesday afternoon, his secretary stated he "couldn't comment" on whether the committee had made any progress.

The only excitement was Richard Schoeck's two addresses on "The Future of the Past," Monday and More's Utopia on Tuesday.

On Monday Schoeck, introduced by his nominator David Jeffrey,

con't page 2

Schoeck: our future, passed?

Students support semester change

Results of a campus survey conducted last Wednesday measuring student opinion on the concept of a semester system have been tabulated and organized into the form of a brief by AMS president Kirk Patterson.

Student response to the survey was impressive considering an intended lack of pre-publicity, with 1,068 students replying, or 20 per cent of the student population. In comparision, the AMS executive election held in January attracted only 18 per cent of the student body.

Results indicated a strong dissatisfaction with the present yearly system. Students who responded favored, on the whole, either a tri-semester or bi-semester system. The concept of a quarterly system recived less support.

The greatest number of respondants were first year students, and the smallest number were fifth year. This was not coincidence but a mark of interest or non-interest in the future educational set-up.

Supporters of the bi-semester system numbered 651, and 621

con't page 2

the pizza that
gets to you first!

PIZZA PIEMAN

FAST DELIVERY
TO UVIC DORMS

TOWN & COUNTRY
383-1177

PHONE

OAK BAY
592-2404

Schoeck... from page one

spoke to an almost-packed house in Mac 144. The audience, about two-thirds students and one-third faculty, appeared to enjoy his often witty address.

Schoeck, in the opinion of this writer, was obviously conscious of the'campaign speech' nature of the meeting. In the speech he outlined his academic philosophy--the importance of a tradition-minded apprach to the humanities, i.e. "the future of the past, in modern universities, and managed to use no less than five different languages.

"The remembered past is the memory of our culture," he said, "I'm concerned about the past because our sense of the past has become eroded."

"There is too much stress on making all literature contemporary," he went on, "we should be tougher, more jealous of our position as humanistic scholars."

He attacked the view of the past as a burden saying: "such a view has reached critical proportions among artists..."

"It's an easy thing to be pessimistic about the humanities in the 1970's" he concluded, "We must not despair because there is so much important to do in the humanities."

Since his speeches on Monday and Tuesday Schoeck has spoken in some English Classes and, on Tuesday evening, met with several faculty members over dinner at English head David Jeffrey's home.

One student who attended both Monday's lecture and one of Schoeck's classroom talks stated that though he had almost a plethora of qualifications he would too easily "end up being a bureaucrat."

"It was the same in the class," he stated, "he'd just get carried away in the bureaucratic bull..."

"He's too esoteric, he gets too carried away with what he's saying."

Semesters... from page one

supported the tri-semester system. Only 221 were in favor of the quarterly system.

Students opposed to the idea of bi-semesters numbered 240, those opposed to tri-semesters 279, and those against quarterlies 610.

The survey invited student comment, and the report briefly summarized those comments which appeared frequently.

Students felt that both tri-semester and bi-semester systems could overcome most of the problems of the present school year. In either system university facilities would be used more extensively and all year round.

Such systems would disperse the number of student workers entering the labor market, said some students, a benefit both to job seekers and to the economy as a whole.

Semesters would necessitate an improved, updated summer session and greater flexibility in all aspects of course planning.

Some comments pointed out problems of such systems, including the difficulty of breaking up courses that are, of necessity, in depth studies requiring more than a few months work.

Copies of the report will be sent to UVic Senate members, Premier Dave Barrett and Education Minister Eileen Dailly.

Patterson hopes to conduct a regular series of campus-wide surveys to obtain student opinion on various ussues. As he states in his report, "it is the duty of leaders...to find out the views of members of their...constituencies. If students don't come forward with their ideas then we must go to them."

EVENING CREDIT COURSES
1974-75

Adult students-by now you should have received the Evening Credit Course survey forms in the mail The Division of Continuing Education cannot plan next winter's Evening Credit Program adequately without your help. If you haven't recieved the survey form, please contact the

Division of Continuing Education

immediately .

Return the pre-stamped forms now!

Division of Continuing Education, Hut "L" Locals 802-804

UBC board won't object to union

Canadian University Press

VANCOUVER -- UBC's Board of Governors will not object to faculty unionizing. Some Board members even feel it may aid the university.

Board member Thomas Cohm said the result could help the board get more money from the B.C. government which recently announced a freeze in university budgets until they become more beneficial to the community.

UBC's Faculty Association voted Feb. 14 to form a collective bargaining unit.

"If the Faculty Association could show the board more useful ways of serving the public, even if it meant working longer hours, then that would assist the board in getting more money for the university," Dohm said.

Arts undergraduate society president Kim Pollack agreed with the unionizing but said it is an odd position for the faculty to be in.

"In my faculty they've been somewhat averse and dubious about students organizing. I doubt that many of them will make the connection."

Board member Paul Plant said the unionization movement would not affect current 1974-75 salary negotiations. "We're getting along great," he said.

"Faculty unionization is a phenomenon we're seeing occuring in universities all across Canada, its inevitable."

UVic Jazz Band plays to a packed house

a review

By JOHN THOMSON
staff reporter

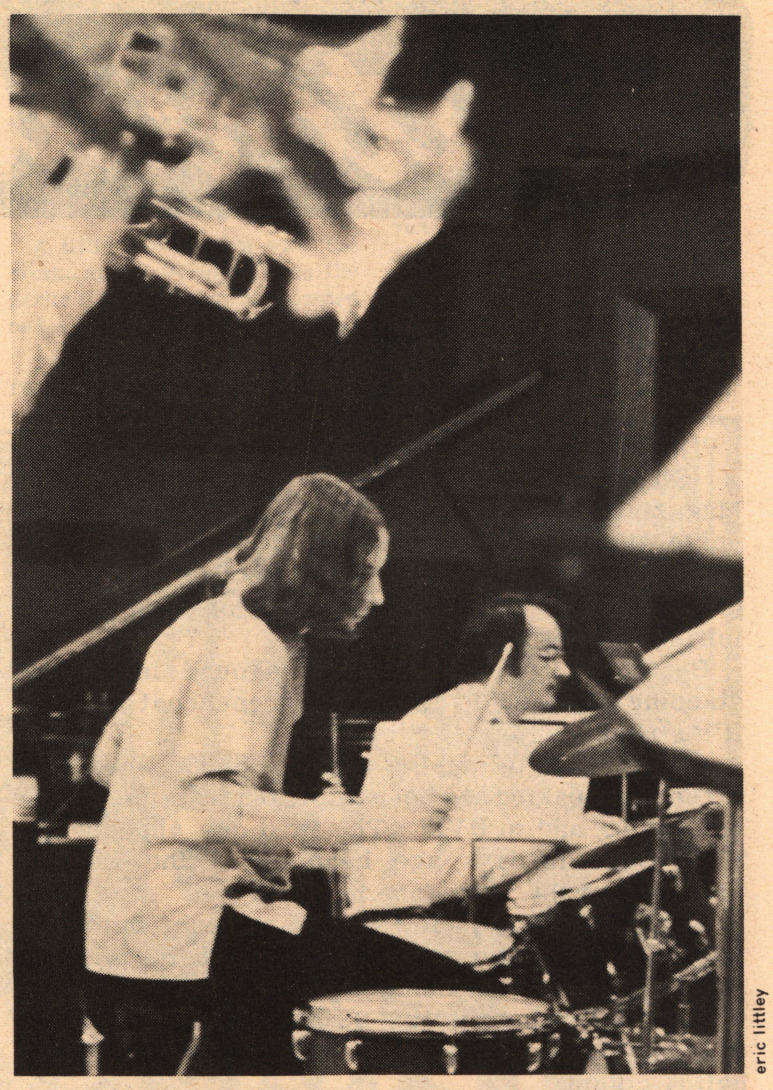
Pussy Wiggle Stomp to a packed audience, haul-yer-ass strip music at UVic. Who where what? The UVic Jazz Band at MacLaurin Auditorium last Friday.

Pussy Wiggle Stomp is an up-tempo, supremely happy Don Ellis tune which ends with a wailing strip chorus, and the UVic Jazz band, now in its second year, is a 19-piece big band working out of, but not as part of the Music Department. Led by graduate trumpet student Jeff Reynolds, the band played an extremely well received concert to a standing room only audience in a Friday noon series concert in Mac 144.

The show opened with Quincey and the Count, a tight Basie tune, which the band played in the best of the Basie tradition. The band then turned to Fat Momma, a fine funk number, featuring an excellent piano solo, and tight ensemble playing. The group then returned to the Basie style, with Sammy Nestico's Lonely Street. This brings me to my first criticism of the program: the random assortment of styles and time periods in the program. It seems to me that if the band wishes to play several types of jazz, which they do very well, they should play a representative set from each. Not only would this improve the band's feeling for the style in question, but I'm sure the audience would also get into the style and the violent juxtapositions would be removed from the concert.

On the actual performance of the band, little was left to be desired. Jeff Reynolds has done an excellent job. The most noticable weakness was in the druming. It may have been acoustical illusion, but it seemed that while the drumming was good on Pussy Wiggle Stomp and the Basie numbers, it lacked drive and intensity in Pokey, a rock-swing tune, and in Fat Momma. Another weak point of a more technical nature was the lack of a public address system, especially for the sax solos, which can never equal the brass for sheer power of projection.

Altogether, a fine performance, lacking only a solo by Jeff Reynolds, the band leader, a fine jazz trumpeter, as those of you who heard last year's concerts by this group will remember. Solos by the leader would benefit not only audience, but most certainly the band.



eric littley

see photo feature, page eighteen

OFY projects needed for Saanich

By GREG MIDDLETON
staff reporter

The closing date for Applications for Opportunities for Youth grants is drawing near and the Municipality of Saanich would like to hear from any groups or individuals who might either have projects in mind or who would like to find out about possibilities for projects in Saanich.

Although one of the requirements for an OFY grant is that it be a project initiated by students, members of the Saanich council would like to meet with people who are interested in OFY projects in order to acquaint them with the areas in Saanich that are in need of improvement but for which there is a lack of funds at the minicipal level.

The meeting is scheduled for Saturday morning in the Saanich Municipal Council Chambers at 10 a.m.

The OFY program is federally funded and is administered by Canada Manpower. It is intended to develop summer employement for youth that will also be a benefit to the community.

The Saanich Municipal Council's Committee on the Environment has become interested in the possibility of people with OFY grants developing some of the recreational areas and doing some of the community oriented projects that the municipality finds itself unable to attempt.

Saanich alderman Mel Couvelier, a member of the committee, said Saanich could not organize or sponsor specific programs but they would be willing to give all the help they could to anyone with a project that would benefit the community. He said the project could not interfere with any of the work normally done by Saanich Municipal employees, but there were many other possibilities for projects.

Some of the areas that students might look into for possible project ideas are: improvements to Colquitz Creek and the surrounding area to make the creek into a canoe trail and clearing out the bushes on either side of Swan Lake. Saanich would like to see a survey of all the historic houses and landmarks and some improvement to the recreation areas in Elk and Beaver Lake park. There are other virtually unknown parks that are almost completely undeveloped.

The Planning department of Saanich is available to help with details of the various possibilities. There are unlimited possibilities for people who wish to get involved and who also wish a summer job here in Victoria. Couvelier said he could not see any department within the university whose skills could not be used to advantage if the students were willing to come out and get projects rolling.

One of the deciding factors in getting federal approval for OFY projects in the past has been the support of the municipality or city concerned.

Two new English professors hired

jay mcbean

R.J. SCHOECK, Director of Washington, D.C.'s Folger Shakespeare Library and a contender for the UVic presidency, speaks. His lecture in Mac 144 on Monday was entitled "The Future of the Past."

Two new professors have been hired by the English department that will make that department the best in Canada according to Chairman David Jeffrey. Dr. Rosemary Beardsley turned down an appointment with the University of Toronto when she accepted the UVic appointment, he said. She graduated with a BA from McGill, and MA from Connecticut and PhD from the University of Sussex. She has taught at the University of Dijon and is currently at the University of Bordeaux, teaching Canadian Studies. She speaks fluent French.

She has written several articles in major journals on such lit erary figures as Margaret Atwood and Herman Melville and will soon have a book in print, entitled, "The Garden Master: Style and Identity in the Poetry of Theodore Roethke." She is currently in the process of preparing a book on Irving Layton.

Dr. Diane Tolomea turned down a position at Yale University in order to come to UVic. She obtained both her MA and PhD at Princeton and is at present teaching Shakespeare and modern literature courses there. She will also soon have a book in print on James Joyce's "Ulysses".

Both will come to Victoria in September, 1974, provided the Board of Governors approves their appointments. Beardsley will teach English 448, a Canadian literature course, 245, a critical analysis course, and beginner's 120. Tolomea will teach 389, Anglo-Irish literature, 201 modern literature, and 120.

Lecture on faculty unionization

An important lecture on the topic of faculty unionization will be presented on Thursday March 14 in the Cornett Building.

Alan Child, former president of Notre Dame University's Faculty Association will speak on the question "should faculties unionize?"

Watch for posters or notices with details on the lecture. If the faculty at UVic should unionize, it will affect both you and the entire local educational system.

Editorials

Streakers!

"Streaking," apparently, has come to UVic.

Streaking, as anyone who reads their Time Magazine knows, is the "in thing" at American universities today. When this editorial writer worked as a police reporter in the good ol' sixties, we used to call it indecent exposure, or amongst the initiates, flashing...

But now, if you're running around instead of standing still, and if you left your trenchcoat at home, it's streaking.

And now, like television violence and crime in the streets, streaking has been imported from the States to Canada--and to UVic. The first one appeared at UVic several days ago heading in the general direction of the residence halls.

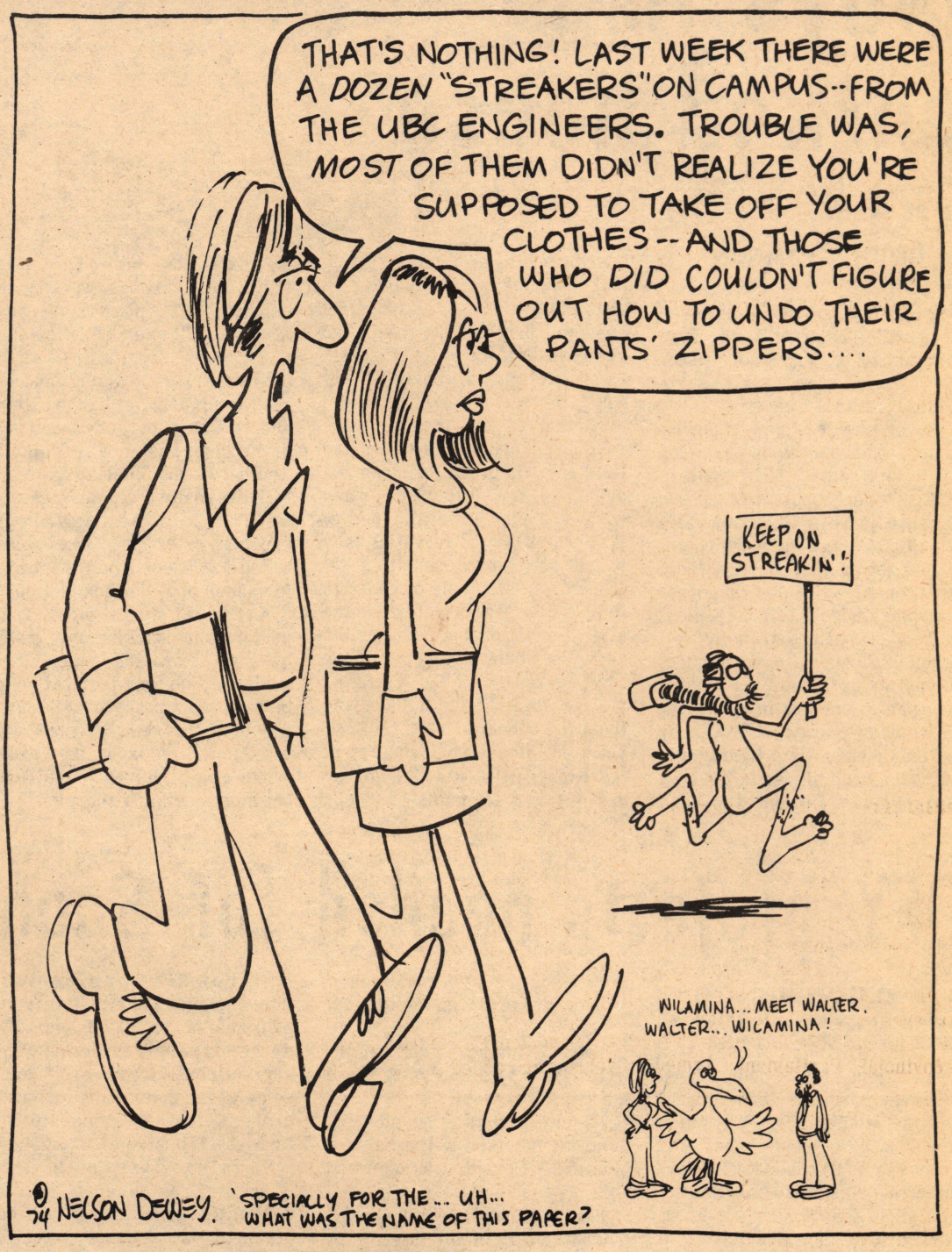
There will be only a few at first, no doubt, but as the fad increases in popularity so, obviously, will the participants in this extension of the American dream.

Yup, Time's been telling us that the seventies are really the fifties and now the students are beginning to believe them.

We promise, the results won't be pleasant. After all, everyone, especially at soft UVic, doesn't look like Rock Hudson or Raquel Welch and the whole business could get to be quite an eyesore. Worse, think of the extra burden these people could put on the employees of the student health centre--what with bad colds, cut feet and strained eyeballs. The various social conditions which, we hear, already plague UVic are keeping the poor folks at student health busy enough.

The fad undoubtedly makes the power mongers in the world's capitals happy--students who spend their time running around naked or crowding into phone booths don't make trouble for nasties in government. Streaking, however, probably isn't representative of where the energies of most students are really directed and doesn't warrant so much worry.

But just the same, we hope the guy who invented it chokes on a goldfish.


THAT'S NOTHING! LAST WEEK THERE WERE A DOZEN "STREAKERS" ON CAMPUS--FROM THE UBC ENGINEERS. TROUBLE WAS, MOST OF THEM DIDN'T REALIZE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES -- AND THOSE WHO DID COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO UNDO THEIR PANTS' ZIPPERS....
KEEP ON STREAKIN'!
WILAMINA... MEET WALTER. WALTER... WILAMINA!
© 74 NELSON DEWEY.
'SPECIALLY FOR THE... UH... WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THIS PAPER?

On departmental candidates

UVic's Department of English has presented us with a presidential candidate.

Far be it from us to criticize Richard Schoeck on a personal level--from the little we've seen of him already he appears to be a fine man, a superb scholar and maybe just what we're looking for in a president. But then again, maybe not...It's just too soon to say.

But the serious problem here, and it is a serious problem, is not the man himself but the way he's been presented to us. The effort, almost amounting to an academic political campaign, has come from the English Department. From what we can see Dr. Schoeck's specialty is English though he does have a stong background in two other academic fields as well as administration.

His arrival on campus, ostensively to speak on "The Future of the Past", was preceded by a 23-page publicity package containing his curriculum vitae, a complete list of publications and an excerpt from the Canadian Who's Who, sent out to selected faculty members. Quite a package for a visiting lecturer!!

This week he will be presented to selected faculty members at a dinner in the home of English department head David Jeffrey--the man who nominated him for the president's job.

No doubt the English head and his minions have good reasons for wanting Dr. Schoeck to be president, good from points of view not exclusive to the English Department's, but the fact remains that what

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Letters

All letters to the editor must be typewritten and no more than 300 words in length.

You may use any psuedonym that tickles your fancy but you must put your real name at the bottom of the page...or the top for that matter, but somewhere. For heaven's sake don't put your student number on it -- we think you're human beings even if They don't:

Letters may be handed in at the Martlet office, left in the Martlet mail box in the SUB foyer or slipped under the door. They need not be attached to a brick or any explosive device to ensure they receive attention.

The letters and their contents become the property of the Martlet and cannot be returned.

The Martlet reserves the right to make editorial changes -- libelous letters, needless to say, won't be printed.

So if it's not printed, it's libelous.

wynand replies

Editor:

Just a note concerning Mr. Dave Todd's powers of observation: to the best of my knowledge, the five "Snowscapes" that appeared in your Feb. 21, 1974 issue are not reprints of the three "Snowscapes" that appeared in your Feb. 4, 1971 issue.

I hope you will print this letter in its entirety.

best,
Derk Wynand

another reply to todd

Editor:

After reading Mr. Todd's latest invective one cannot help but wish that his efforts to restrain himself from comment had proved more successful.

I was happy to see that no editorial rebuttal was wasted on such sourgrape negativism and worthless criticism.

Mr. Todd's letter reflects the very attitudes that made his term of office as Martlet editor a complete failure and his paper a sad joke.

He is, he claims, upset by the self-congratulatory tone of the paper. Well, damn it, congratulations are in order and I take this opportunity to extend mine. A lot of work and individual concern have gone into the paper this year. The columnists may not be Jack Andersons or H.L. Menckens but at least they care enough to produce a regular weekly feature. As I recall, Mr. Todd's only consistent feature were his comic strips which many, including myself failed to find funny, and which weren't even the product of UVic students.

Mr. Todd bemoans the lack of coverage of the newspaper strike in Victoria. I can remember reading at least two articles on the subject which he seems to have overlooked. If these are not to his satisfaction, however, perhaps he would enlighten us. If the Martlet has as he so characteristically puts it "the balls" to publish his last bit of drivel, surely they would not be intimidated by a well-written informative feature.

The Martlet Literary Magazine, another aspect of the Martlet that comes under fire from Mr. Todd's guns is an important and welcome addition to the paper. That is a question of personal taste and "good" "bad"

con't page 13

Opinion

Press Gallery: always alert

By CONRAD BOWDEN
staff reporter

To all of you out there I say don't worry: you are being taken care of.

Your freedom is being guarded against the socialist hordes and the free enterprise fanatics. Their every move is being watched for signs of dishonesty, underhandedness and plain stupidity. Yes, there is nothing to worry about, you may sleep tight tonight for the fearsome, awesome, defenders of truth are on the alert.

What is it I'm refering to, you ask, as well you might. And to you, all of you, yes every last one of you, the young and the old, the strong and the weak, the right and the left, I reply, quite simply: **the press**.

Being a strong believer in democracy (corruption of the people, by the people, for the people) I was delighted to have the opportunity to go down and mingle with these bastions of justice, these friends of the oppressed, and see for myself the actions of these irreproachable members of Provincial Parliament Armed with a legislative press pass bearing the name of the Martlet's esteemed editor David Climenhaga and the seal of British Columbia, all on a pretty orange background, I marched down to observe the battling lions or whimpering widgets, whichever you prefer.

Without further incident I found myself outside the **Golden Gates**. I'm sure that this term is as unfamiliar to most of you as it was to me until a short time ago. The golden gates are found on the second level of the Legislature and are where you would end up if you came up the front steps that gird the front of the Parliament Buildings (which you can't). Here I was stopped by a security guard who didn't want me to pass through the gates. The general public is allowed only in the galleries when the house is sitting and only honorable members, the press and a few others are allowed access to the corridors around the house at this time.

Upon the profound statement that I was indeed a member of the press, the well dressed gentleman merely raised a single eyebrow and asked if I had it. If you think this a strange and somewhat perverted statement for a representative of the crown to ask, be assured that I too was somewhat taken aback.

Not to be outdone, however, I mulled a few replies over in my mind. They ranged all the way from, "yes, I had it last night", "no, the narcs had caught my pusher and the heat was on".

Slowly at first, and then more rapidly I caught on, this guy wanted to see my press card (or rather David's press card) which I was carrying around for this very purpose! Sure of myself now, I reached into my pocket and pulled out my wallet. Smiling I pulled it open and dropped one (1) rubber prophylatic onto the floor. This time the old soul's eyebrows really did rise, at the same moment the female tour guide who was explaining the significance of the gates to a tour broke off in mid-sentence and two little boys about 12 said, "hey look at that will ya, he's got **one**" (kids now are more advanced than in my day).

Bending gracefully I pounced on the preventer of disease and disaster, flashed the orange card and disappeared down the corridor.

All was mine now, and having been lectured as to the whereabouts of the gallery itself, I made my way without hindrance, pausing only twice more for identification in the next 100 feet. Being either in school or asleep or both during the daytime I was here at about 9:00 at night. Besides I had heard that as the day wears on the deodorants and good tempers wear off and the air becomes full of naughty words and threats. The gallery itself is reached through a small door directly behind the speakers chair which reminds one of a broom closet entrance, and branches immediately to the two sets of steeply rising stairs to the left and right. (Left for the "electronic media" and right for the typewriter jockeys.) Not only are they steeply rising, and they **are** steeply rising, but they are very narrow, perhaps two feet wide covered with worn carpet and leading to identical balconys on each side, containing perhaps five chairs. The balcony is wide enough to make it very difficult to pass behind a chair if someone is sitting in it. The front of the balcony is in the form of a ledge, high enough to lean on, or write on, and containing several drawers along its length. This then, was where I was.

Now, let me tell you what I saw. To get to a seat I had to squeeze behind a **newsman**, which I did the best I could without awakening him. In the other section of the press gallery, three members of the press were talking, one, a male, appeared to be asking another, a female, a rather delicate question, while the third appeared to be studying the technique of the first and no doubt creating a counter-attack of his own.

Gazing over the house I immediately noticed the large number of empty seats, and the even larger number of people either feigning sleep or actually sleeping. Later on I was to learn this was all part of the strategy of upsetting the person speaking, and also a means of catching up on some sleep. There was a speaker at this time, or sort of, he was shuffling through his notes trying to remember just what he had been trying to say before he had gotten carried away. There was action here alright, but as I said, it was **across from me** where an amiable agreement seemed to have been reached, for the woman was now smiling as only a happily hunted woman can smile.

By sitting down I appeared to have awakened the fellow next to me. "Been here long," he asked.

When I assured him I had only just arrived to the front lines he took 30 seconds to fill me in on the evening's excitement. Then he filled me in on the all night sessions that WAC Bennett used

con't page 13

feature photo by eric littley

Martlet

The Martlet is published by the publications department of the Alma Mater Society of the University of Victoria even though we keep threatening to become a separate society weekly throughout the winter session and irregualrly in the summer. It's typeset by the Martlet press and content is the responsibility of the Martlet staff and not the AMS, bless 'em. Member Canadian University Press (CUP). Our offices are in the Student Union Building.

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Staff: really doesn't exist. We just made it all up to prove the pen is quicker than the eye. Martin Ramsden, Ken Simon, Yvonne Lord, Norad Bowen, who stole the dictionary which may never leave this room again, Dale Gamble, Allstate "Colin" Smith, Judy Belton, Jaci Bailey, Don Hall, Patty Lewis, Allen von Finster, Susan Harney, Georgina Rawlk, Valorie Lennox, Phil Esmonde, Felicia Klingenberg (who won't go Dutch etc. etc...) and Jay McBean don't exist at all!! Only Simon Gibson and he only by merit of the fact he works for Victoria's only underground noospaper, the Victorian.. This paper just appears of its own volition each week...mmmmhmmm...

john thomson happy birthday yvonne

Oh Really !

MEMORANDUM University of Victoria

TO Heads and Chairmen, Faculty of Arts and Science. 22 October 1973. **Date**

FROM J.-P. Vinay, Dean, Faculty of Arts and Science.

Re: Abbreviation "Ms."

All my academic training has led me to believe that the abbreviation "Ms." means "manuscript." I shall continue to hold that understanding.

Jean Paul Vinay

BNSG/MF

N.B. — To be used for Inter-Departmental Correspondence only

R.D.Laing:understand life in terms of living, not in terms of science

'Rumpelstiltskin'

Special to the Martlet

The important thing is to stop the mistreatment of life. In the name of science woman seems to have gone haywire.

In a very human and honest manner Robert Laing once again has given reminder to the dehumanization of our experience. Because one human has gone astray in the eyes of another is no reason for the cruelty and lack of understanding she is subjected to.

Electro-shock, tranquilizers and any form of behaviour modification fell under the powerful scrutiny of this man in the know. The direction psychiatry must take is away from rather than towards, control of the individual.

The growing of a plant cannot be perfected; the learning of a child cannot be improved; the behaviour of an individual does not need to be changed. Behaviour modification by force, drugs, fear, or any other control has itself lost control. One can provide nourishment for the plant; an environment for the child and acceptance for the individual. There is really nothing else to be done.

Each point was exquisitely developed by Laing in his two hour, highly personal expose of the inner fabric of psychiatry. Overworked, insensitive psychiatric help is neither psychiatry nor help. Behaviour modification is a misuse of control. Control is a misuse of human behaviour. Human behaviour does not need to be more controlled. Rather it should be freed.

An individual who is not in formation should not be zonked by tranquillizers or zapped with electricity. This treatment is a simple extension of the cruelty dealt to various animals under the guise of science.

Laing, in a very clever and accurate way described the evolution of research from rats to humans. The culmination of the cutting and slicing and electrocution of animals has led the scientist to her successful end.

In the name of science and medicine woman has finally become the guinea pig. As the rats nibble on the supplies that she has stashed for when the end is at hand, woman continues to mutilate, violate, castrate and annihalate almost every animal of this God's earth, including herself.

The heart is not a pump. Masters and Johnson, the penometre, lobotomies, electricity, tranquilizers, reformatory education are worth less than nothing. There are things worth more than and things worth less than nothing.

Life must be understood in terms of living not in terms of science. One prayer to our Creator is worth infinitely more to the care of the individual than all the scientific cruelties to which we are presently being subjected.

Paranoia or the feeling of persecution is a definite reality to the human being who cannot conform and perform to accepted standards.

For God's sake stop zapping and zonking and cutting and killing and controlling!

It's not a new story but it is good to hear it retold in contemporary terms by a person with the experience and knowledge.

In the "Secret of Childhood", Maria Montessori writes that "when we see numerous individuals perishing through their own mistakes, we may conclude that the whole human race has been afflicted by some basic errors."

On this point the crazy people like Laing, Leary and Ram Dass and the more acceptable thinkers such as Montessori and Thoreau would agree.

The basic error is the attempt for complete control. Women and men have ruined truly beautiful relationships by trying to control and modify each other's behaviour. Psychiatrists and psychologists have driven patients completely insane by modifying their behaviour with enforced tranquility, lobotomies and a completely non-understood use of electricity. Teachers have stomped the life and learning out of children with fear and shame.

All of this in the name of goodness, education and science.

As Laing pointed there is no end to this kind of discussion. As long as a woman suffers under the miscontrol, miseducation and mispsychiatric help that is forced upon her then it must continue to be discussed.

The 'Politics of Experience" gives a seven year old but new look at reality and gives grace to the individual; Leary's "Diary of a Hope Fiend" reveals the acceptance of grace by the individual in his inevitable plight and in the "Secret of Childhood", Montessori discusses how this grace and reality must be allowed to grow freely from the moment of conception.

"The line of conduct to be followed by an adult is that of renouncing his own advantages so that he can accomodate himself to the needs of a growing child." Praise God!

A different kind of love story

By COLIN SMITH

staff reporter

As the advertisements say, Cinderella Liberty is a different kind of love story.

This love story is about a sailor and a whore.

John Baggs Jr., a soft-spoken Southern boy (played by James Caan) is stranded in Seatlle, alone and friendless.

While on Cinderella Liberty from the Navy Medical Barracks (Cinderella Liberty allows the sailors to be out in the evening, but only until midnight) and desperately trying to get laid he meets a brash, easy-going woman played by Marsha Mason, hustling pool in a bar. Baggs bets her $50 against her going to bed with him on a pool game. He wins and she fulfills her part of the bargain, thus beginning thier on-again, off-again love affair.

At times the affair is warm and close, at other times it is tenously maintained only by Bagg's affection for her swearing, beer-drinking twelve-year-old son and his determination to help make a better life for the boy.

Under the direction of Mark Rydell, the film for the most part manages to avoid the saccharinity characterisic of most love stories. It describes realistically the stresses and strains endemnic to such a relationship under the miserable conditions imposed on them.

The film also points to the grossness and absurdity of military life in general, and the cold unfeelingness of bureaucrats both military and civilian in a low-key but accurate manner.

The acting of all concerned is good, if not great. Though Marsha Mason has been apparently nominated for her role for an Academy Award, it is Eli Wallach as the son who particularly stands out. He is bitter and funny, and in all respects gives a fine performance.

The film has a nice twist at the end which satisfactorily finishes this pleasant, well-made love story. It doesn't rival Romeo and Juliet, but its a good film worth the seeing.

Poems of Susan Musgrave- is there danger in sanity?

By JUDY BELTON
staff reporter

Musgrave read?

"Elliot 167, 4:30, Wednesday, February 27" (just after dark (pause), significantly).

Musgrave read? Musgrave (slurring the 's'). Why not? Come along. Join the Creative Listening crowd. Join the subtly balding pates, the studiedly casual air, prominent side-whiskers, conservative frizz, token Panama hats and black racing gloves.

Musgrave? (wind-blown) As in Muskrat?? Certainly. Here comes the party now. The one following Peter Russell (white hair, nicotine-stained; chain-smokes y'know). She's the one with the black notebook? No no. That's Skelton. **Susan** Musgrave. The girl. That girl? The one dressed in brown and green. Ah, nature-colors. I might have known!

She's one of "ours", y'know. **Ours**? Sure, lives on the Queen Charlotte Islands; grew up on Vancouver Island: discovered by Rob....er...Professor Skelton. See he's giving her a pep-talk now. Oh! and now he's introducing her. "Great talent", he says, but she has a small voice. Now he's suggesting we move forward. Pity. Just when we were settling into our poetry-reading position (an individualist, two-desk radius all round). He says, "Move up, if you want to hear." Hear? Yes, Musgrave's poems. Musgrave? Yes. Musgrave as in grave? Just so.

"...most significant of Canadian works in a long time." Right. She's published Songs of the Sea Witch, Entrance of the Celebrant, Gravedirt and Selected Strawberries (where does she get these names?!) Three books in less than three years. Prolific. Mmm. She **must** be good.

It's Hard to be Kind to a Cannibal - (kind of a catchy title - she'd make a good as-person). It's Hard (pause) to be Kind (pause) To a Canibal. She doesn't look like she knows about cannibals. Isn't it amazing what dark brooding thoughts the conscious hides? (Skelton presiding nervously; Peter Russell imagining cosmology). She doesn't look like that, more like a bemused bride; like a blushing-beauty; like a dew-eyed flower-child; "**I slip like a memory...**" (Hey, that's her line. It's from a poem in her series of inspired works from her studies of the Haida language.), "**...stars hung like chains on my sleep...**" (from Dog Star, a poem in the publication, **Entrance of the Celebrant**). Sorry aphorisms are contagious. "I feel like a feast" (It's Hard...). The sun falls red like an empty water bottle. Sweat courses like breakers on my brow. My knees quiver like a tuning fork. Sorry, aphorisms are contagious.

Musgrave relates to us, as we sit with a uniform hand-under-chin, one in our stance, of how she wrote a poem and in the morning a maggot crawled across the page (eerie); of how shaken she was under the light of a spot-lamp when she read her poetry in MACEDONIA ("My knees turned to jelly"). Endearingly, she makes solemn jokes about suicide (I've always been fascinated by people who commit suicide by walking into the ocean - if I tried it someone would probably save me" - giggle); of how strange it was to find that the site from which she dropped wan stones into a ravine, became the place where a man died a few days later; how scary it is to think that people who die in a plane-crash have all eaten the same meal, ("I think about it whenever I board a plane").

On a 10-day trip to Mexico, at Christmas, Susan met Canadian poet Al Purdy, whom she thought, did not like her poetry-too subjective - so she wrote one more to his liking and dedicated it to him. Her editors recently wrote and suggested she write something more topical, something with a political or historic theme. She let it go for three weeks -- then she filled the order. These two I believe will be included in a forthcoming book.

Musgrave has a problem with endings. Her concluding lines, no matter how grave and solemn the pronouncements, come out like the punchline to a rather involved joke. Perhaps this is because Susan has a rather wry, ironic sense of humor which she is afraid of expressing without philosophical padding.

"There is danger in sanity." - (Song of the Sea Witch). Musgrave says she wonders if this particular poem will be dated. Odd, since it was only published three years ago. But then our world revolves faster, doncha know? Did she say she may find out that sanity isn't dangerous? Does it follow then that she may be looking for a cure? Perhaps she believes that poetry writing and reading serve as a kind of personal catharsis, or, to be a bit up-dated, a kind of primal-scream therapy? That puts us, the "audience" in the...well...in the psychiatrists' chair. We can only (alas) listen to Musgrave. We cannot speak but to draw more self-rendering; we cannot criticise but to give positive reinforcement.

Perhaps this period of debutante-ball-prom-canadian-council-robin skelton appearances will become outdated for Susan, and she will decide to do something other than modelling-clay-aphorisms.

Status of UVic faculty women

By ELEANOR BOYLE
staff reporter

UVic women faculty members are more privileged that many in universities across Canada, stated UVic French professor Elaine Limbrick last week.

Limbrick is the go-between for the university Faculty Association and the federal organization for the Status of Women in Canadian Universities. She has recently investigated salaries and professional rank of both male and female faculty at UVic.

Though average salaries for women are lower than those for men, in the light of statistics from other academic institutions across Canada, UVic women are largely not discriminated against, said Limbrick.

A number of women on campus have stated that salary differences between men and women at UVic have been known to be substantial despite similar qualification and academic publications. So many variables are involved in a promotion or salary raise, however, that discrimination is difficult to prove.

Women at UVic do, on the average, hold positions less prestigious than do men, but it must be partly accounted for by the fact that not until recently did a substantial number of women enter professions. At present there are simply fewer women applying for any one professional job than there are men.

Discrimination does exist to a large degree, stated Limbrick, at more conservative institutions such as the University of British Columbia. A report published a year ago at UBC showed clearly that female faculty members are paid much less than their male counterparts and on the average have not been promoted to the same jobs as have men. The UBC salary gap between men and women of the same age and qualifications is, in 1973-74, $2,722.

According to a 1972 University of Waterloo report, the starting salary there at the assistant professor level is $1,256 higher for men than for women.

The salary gaps exist at UVic as well but in less substantial form.

Median salary differences at UVic are as follows: for lecturers, women earn $400 less than men; for assistant professors, $100 less; for associate professors, $900 less.

The salary gap for full professors was not tabulated. Only four UVic women are full professors, a number too small to warrant valid salary comparison to the 57 male profs.

Limbrick's statistics show that the biggest academic hurdle for UVic's women is the jump from assistant to associate professor.

Of assistant profs here, 127 are men and 25 women, while of associate profs 125 are men and only 10 women.

Some women just aren't as aggressive or as amitious as men, said Limbrick, due to social "feminization." The ambitious ones, though, must still work harder than men to achieve the same distinctions.

Women are channeled socially into certain disciplines, too, she said. Though many women have fine scientific minds, most stay in Education or the Arts. Of female faculty members, ten are in Education, eight are in English, four are in each of History and French and three are each of Theatre, German and Mathematics.

There are no full-time faculty members in Geography, Biology or Physics.

Limbrick's results were tabulated in January, 1974 and have already been presented to the Facluty Association.

She attempted to gather information on the ratio of male to female students at UVic, but could not obtain such figures from the registrar. "I'm almost happy I couldn't get it," she said, "because it means the information is not filed according to sex, indicating some lack of sexual discrimination."

Limbrick is also concerned about the lack of sufficient day care facilities on campus. The UVic centre can care for only twenty children, leaving many university mothers with no place to put their children.

She feels that the university, as a large institution, has an obligation to its employees to provide them with day care facilities.

The federal government, she pointed out, is taking steps to provide its employees in the Ottawa-Hull area of eastern Canada with such facilities and other organizations will no doubt follow suit.

eric littley

May-Ling Kwok, one of UVic's best-known student pianists, has performed two concerts to full houses at MacLaurin 144's Friday noon music series.

Bananas destroyed in 'emergency'

Canadian University Press

JOHANNESBURG -- The South African government has announced plans to destroy four and a half million bananas to boost prices of the fruit - even though millions of black Africans are starving.

The Banana Control Board of South Africa admits that their decision may be unpopular, but says it has been made only "under emergency conditions." The conditions are record crops of bananas that have driven prices to near-record lows.

The Board says it will not give the bananas away to underfed Africans because the cost of ripening and distributing them would be too high. The Board faces widespread criticism similar to that which they encountered five years ago when large quantities of citrus fruit and fresh milk were dumped -- again because of oversupplies.

Entertainment

INTRAMURAL MEN'S BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

THURSDAY, MARCH 14,21,28

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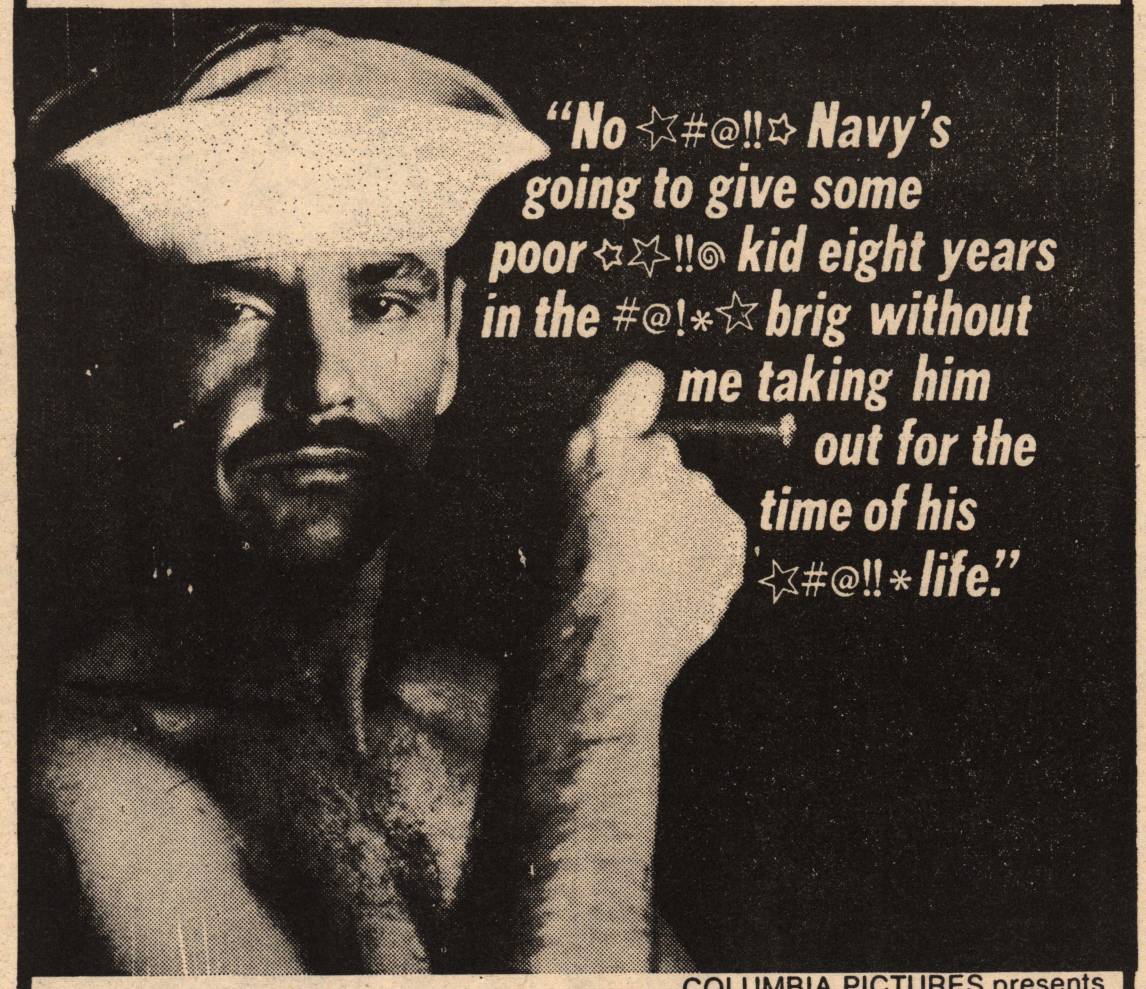

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Kirk's music like making love in snow and champagne

By JOHN THOMSON

Rhaasan Roland Kirk and the Vibrations Society played Black Classical Music at the Vic High Theatre on Friday March 1. While this may sound straight, it was actually a superb jazz concert. Presented by the Victoria Jazz Society, who deserve the highest commendation for their work promoting live jazz in town: the concert was a standing ovation success.

Roland Kirk, a blind, black, jazzman, termed the concert Black Classical, saying the term jazz was invented by an astounded white critic in a "good-time house". Kirk is an amazing technician, who plays many and various woodwind instruments, often two or three at once. This has to be seen and heard to be believed! Kirk's quintet also included piano, bass, baritone sax, and drums.

The music was tight and fast, yet it somehow retained the essential jazz coolness. Styles ranged from medieval dance music, to pentatonic, to wailin' funk. The group displayed amazing competence in the way then played so many styles so well and with such perfect continuity. Kirk's ability to play several instruments at once was a highlight of the concert. At one point, playing two saxaphones, he sounded like a bagpiper, which drew appreciative chuckles from the audience, and at another, playing a beautiful flute and nose flute duet, like a medieval dance consort. The jazz feeling, however, was maintained throughout.

Kirk's ability as a performer not only included his instrumental work, but also some fine blue's hollerin', and his amusing comments between pieces. Speaking of their new album, **Bright Moments**, from which several great cuts were played, he described it as like "making love in a tub full of snow and champagne", or "eating pork chops in a Kosher Jewish restaurant", or "going to an opium den in Victoria". Certainly it is an album well worth buying.

The audience reacted to the show with the warmest enthusiasm, some even dancing in the aisles. The crowd was short-changed, however, by the concert's only real weakness, the poor sound system. Even when the chronic malfunctions and feedback problems had been overcome, the speakers were unable to carry the sound with full fidelity, especially the piano, which consistently sounded tinny.

Finally, I must say that Victoria owes hearty thanks to the Jazz Society and especially to Brian Wheeler, its organizer, for the production of this fine concert, the second in a continuing series. May they all be as good as the first two have been!

UVic play opening at Springridge

UVic Players Club is presenting "The Maids" on March 15 to 17 at Springridge Theatre.

The Maids, by Jean Genet, and deals with reality and how it is shaped by the manner in which we perceive it.

The play opens with a scene between a maid and the mistress. It turns out that the scene is actually (or is it?) between both maids, one of whom is impersonating the mistress.

The UVic presentation will be directed by Jan Selman, and will be emphasizing ritual, as well as the plasticity of reality.

Selman is presenting it at Springridge Theatre, instead of the Phoenix because she finds the atmosphere of Springridge more suited to the play itself. Springridge is housed in a deconsecrated Baptist church where ritualism is natural to see.

The play starts at 8 p.m. in the Springridge Theatre, at the corner of Fernwood and Gladstone Streets. (just around the corner from the Cool-Aid hostel). There's lots of parking at nearby Vic High.

Coming Scene

by ken simons

Coming Scene notices must be typed.

they should be placed in an envelope marked "Coming Scene" and have the title "Coming Scene" and the page number on the top of each page.

Please leave them in the Martlet mailbox in front of the SUB general office or mail it to us via campus mail. You can bring it to the Martlet office but you're taking a 50 50 chance that some idiot staff member will lose it.

The deadline is noon Monday.

THURSDAY MARCH 7

Mr. William Epstien, for many years Director of the Disarmament Division of the United Nations Secretariat will speak on "The World Community in a Changing World" in Cor 263 at 12:30 p.m.

Dr. Gerhard Herzburg, Canadian Nobel laureate in Chemistry (1971) will speak on "Science and Society" in Mac 144 at 12:30 p.m.

Womens Action Group meets in Lans 109 at 12:30.

Today to Sunday, Vancouver artists Two Times Two present two plays **Zoo Story** by Edward Albee, and **Babel Rap** by John Lazarus. At 8 p.m. in Open Space, 510 Fort Street.

Also continuing until Sunday is the play **Henry V** presented by the UVic Players' Club, at Springridge Theatre at the corner of Fernwood and Gladstone. It begins at 8:30 p.m. -- tickets are $1 at the door.

CINECENTA presents Caspar Werde's **One Day In The Life of Ivan Denisovich**, an adaption of the Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel. At 9:30 in Mac. 144.

The UVic students' jury art exhibit is now in its third day down at Victoria art gallery.
Another exhibit of works not chosen by the judges is now on at Open Space, 510 Fort Street.

FRIDAY MARCH 8

Malcolm Muggeridge, internationally renowned author and commentator, will speak on "Abortion, Euthanasia, and then what?" with a panel of medical and university reactors. In Ell 167 at 12:30.

Concert by John Loban on violin, assisted by Robert Silverman on piano, in Mac. 144 at 12:30. Both artists are from the UBC music faculty.

Department of Psychology lecture by UVic's Dr. Chuck Talman on "The Political Dimensions of Psychological Theory" in Cor 170 at 3:30 p.m.

Paul Nasmith plays bassoon for partial fulfillment of the degree of Bachelor of Music, at 8 p.m. in Mac. 144.

Vikings Hockey vs. Chemainus Blues at Esquimalt Sports Centre, 8 p.m. This is the final game of the playoff series and is free to all students so come out and watch the action.

SATURDAY MARCH 9

The Strategy and Tactics Club will hold its spring war games convention today and tomorrow at Mount Douglas High School Gym, 3970 Gordon Head Road, starting at 9:30 a.m.

Open House, all around campus today and tomorrow. Come and see the university with movies, logic machines, scientific experiments that actually work like they are meant to and all sorts of other nifty things instead of students. Or how about helping put on the show? Student volunteers are needed - see Kirk Patterson.

The Fourth Annual Dangerous Visions Film Festival begins with Fritz Lang's silent classic **Metropolis** presented in its total length with live soundtrack by Chris Donison (electric piano) and Owen Underhill (synthesizer), plus Chris Marker's time-space masterpiece La Jettee, undoubtedly one of the most distinguished short films ever made. This CINECENTA special program, rounded out by the latest Flash Gordon episode, plays at both 7:00 and 9:15 p.m. in Mac. 144.

SUNDAY MARCH 10

Vespers, a worship and teaching experience for Christians (and non-Christians too) is in its second week at Emmanuel Baptist Church, 2121 Cedar Hill Cross Road at 6:15 p.m. Don't fear, it is a non-threatening atmosphere, they say. Bring a friend with you.

Flowers bend before the force of the east wind.
Green dragons are large mythical beasts.

A pung is a play on words by someone with a bad head cold.
A chow is very like a chorse save for the fact that it comes equipped with chorns and an udder.
If you are in agreement with the above statements don't bother coming to the SUB cafeteria at 7:30 p.m. unless you are prepared to change your mind. If mah jong don't turn you on, don't you shake mah tree, hear?

Classical Guitar Concert, by Liona Boyd of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. At 2:30 p.m. in Open Space, 510 Fort.

MONDAY MARCH 11

Aren't Mondays a drag? You can always go to the library, get lost amongst the third floor stacks, and not find your way out until Tuesday morning, or else edit the Coming Scene...

TUESDAY MARCH 12

University of Victoria Percussion Ensemble -- John Smith, director and Glen Fast, conductor, with works by Michael Colgrass, Alan Hovhaness, Paul Grant, Vic Firth, and William Mickelson.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 13

B.C. Chessmaster Dan Scoones discusses chess and Transcendental Meditation at 11:30 a.m. and 8:00 p.m. in Commons 208.

A reading and informal discussion by poet Jarold Ramsey, an authority on Native Indian art and literature, in Ell 167 at 4:30 p.m.

The Japanese Club presents Akira Kurosawa's film **Sanjuro**, a companion piece to the earlier Yojimbo and a tongue-in-cheek parody of samurai romanticism. Don Quixote de la Orient?' In Ell 168 at 7:15 p.m. Admission is 75 cents.

Mature Students Club party in Commons 203 at 7:30 p.m.

J.W. Halee talks on "Chinese Porcelaine" as a part of the "Art of the Collector" lecture series at Maltwood Museum, 4509 West Saanich Road, at 8 p.m.

Saanich International Folkdancers beginners' classes at 8:30 p.m. in Gordon Head Hall, Tyndall at San Pedro.

CLASSIFIED

Anyone having seen a fast-moving Vincent Black Shadow motorcycle on the Old Island Highway between the Gorge Vale golf course and Colwood Corner, distinguishable by its high speed, large and dark bulk and odd "ker-thump" engine sound, especially very late at night during heavy rain storms, please contact the Pacific Rim Parapsychological Institute,

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SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 52 (PRINCE RUPERT)

An interviewing team from School District No. 52 will be on campus March 18, 19 & 20. Graduating teachers may arrange for appointments at the Canada Manpower Office on campus. Teachers requiring evening interviews should send applications to:

Director of Instruction
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Prince Rupert, B.C.

"JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR"

Yvonne Elliman, as Mary Magdalene, tells Ted Neeley, as Jesus, not to worry about the Apostles in the Norman Jewison Film, "Jesus Christ Superstar," a Universal Pictures and Robert Stigwood presentation photographed in Technicolor and Todd-AO 35.

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AND FLASH GORDON SERIAL # 8

Saturday - March 9th 7:00 & 9:15- Mac. 144- $1.00

CRIMES OF THE FUTURE CANCELLED

The biggest racial war in history...

By Jeremy Boultbee

Special to the Martlet

This is the first part of a four-part series on the developing racial crisis in southern Africa by Victoria artist and newspaper writer Jeremy Boultbee.

Boultbee has made his living for 15 years as a newspaper correspondent, travelling and living in Europe, the Americas, Australasia, the Far East and Africa.

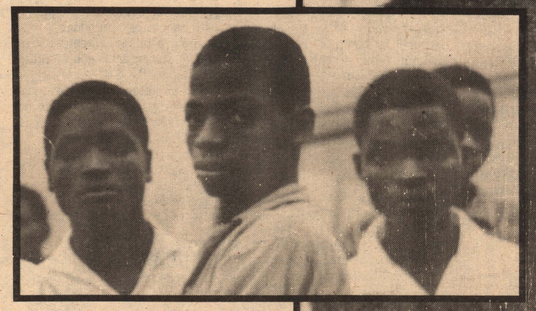
Born in Canada and educated in Australia, the United States, Canada and the United Kingdom, Boultbee saw active service in the British army in East Africa, Maylaya and Singapore.

He has worked as a war correspondent in Angola, Mozambique, and Portuguese Guinea during the early fighting in those territories, and has travelled in Zaire (the Congo) during the unrest there in the early sixties.

Until recently, he has lived as an artist and language instructor in Lisbon and Paris. He is now editing a small arts magazine in Victoria, B.C., and, he says, is constantly looking for a way out...

"There is a man sleeping in the grass," said Kumalo, "and over him is gathering the greatest storm of all his days. Such lightning and thunder will come there as have never been seen before, bringing death and destruction. People hurry home past him, to places safe from danger. And whether they do not see him ther in the grass, or whether they fear to halt even a moment, they do not wake him. They let him be."

Alan Paton
Cry the Beloved Country
1948



Prisoners of war at Sao Nicolau, Angola

Cane cutter, Sena Sugar Estate, central Mozambique

Portuguese officer and troops at Maqucla do Zombo, Angola

Photos by Jeremy Boultbee

For years we have nodded our heads in sage agreement that "one day" southern Africa will be engulfed in a bloodbath -- the greatest racial heavyweight fight-to -the-finish of all time.

It has not meant very much to us in North America. We feel we are in a place safe from danger.

But the battle has already been joined. Just as Vietnam commanded the headlines throughout ohe 60s, so southern Africa will command the headlines throughout the 70s.

An incredible tragedy is about to be enacted. The killing of the jews by the Nazis, and the slaughter on every battlefield since 1945 will pale into dimmest history.

How can one assess such horror before it has occurred? First, look at a map. Second, review the facts:

War has been raging in Portuguese Angola since 1961, with frustration and anger mounting at home and in the 60,000-man Portuguese army because the fighting drags on, seemingly cannot be brought to a successful conclusion.

Widespread slaughter has been reported on all sides -- this has not been a simple two-sided war -- with total estimates running as absurdly high as 500,000 killed. The truth is no one knows for sure -- but it is certainly a colossal figure.

On the other side of the continent, war has been waged on two fronts in Portuguese Mozambique since September 1964.

In the north, guerrilla insurgents -- well-trained and well-armed by the communist Chinese and Cubans -- have brought on the retaliatory scorched-earth policy by the Portuguese military. Whole villages have been burned out and napalmed.

Further south, in Tete Province, fighting has been particularly heavy in the vicinity of the new Cabora Bassa dam construction on the Zambesi river.

Reports of recent massacres by frustrated and angry Portuguese troops appear to be substantially correct.

Recently, London newspapers have claimed South African and Rhodesian troops have marched across frontiers with Mozambique to destroy guerrilla hideouts.

These reports have, of course, been denied by South Africa, Rhodesia and Portugal, but they nevertheless raise the not unbelievable spectre of a massive co-operative force -- armed and trained like none other in all Africa -- pitted against the determined and desperate (but relatively weak and disorganized) black nationalists. (There have been rumors for years of secret military treaties between South Africa, Portugal and Rhodesia.)

This is not to say the blacks will call off the fight. On the contrary, they most assuredly will fight -- and the whites know it. The whites also feel they must strike a blow so hard that their opponent will never get up again.

And the fear is that the whites -- angered beyond reason, and trained from birth to believe in their racial superiority -- will unleash their full and considerable arsenal of weapons.

In Africa today this can only mean a blood-letting of astounding proportions.

No one understands this better than President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia -- who has openly sheltered South African, Rhodesian and Mozambiquano freedom fighters -- and now claims a huge huild-up of white troops along his common frontier with Rhodesia. Lidewise, he claims South African troops are massing in the Caprivi Strip along his southern border.

(Six years ago it became apparent South Africa had established a military air base at Mpacha in the Caprivi Strip -- thus placing a South African strike force on the very frontier of Zambia.)

Clearly, white-controlled southern Africa feels threatened by black nationalism -- and the focal-point of this threat is seen as being centred in Portuguese-controlled Mozambique.

But what is Portugal's control over Mozambique?

It goes back nearly 500 years -- to the late 15th century when Portugal hoisted itself to a postion of world power by a series of daring explorations. Missionaries, traders and settlers established an empire that girdled the globe, yet never loosened its ties with Lisbon. A gigantic but haphazard and poorly-administered series of economic outposts, this empire has remained substantially unchanged to this day.

Portugal was never a colonial power like Britain, France, Germany, Belgium -- or even her cousin, Spain. Her people settled, mixed with local populations -- but remained, always, Portuguese. Likewise, while Portugal participated in the slave trade to the Americas (because it was manifestly good business at the time) she never became a racist state.

An example of this can be drawn from the knowledge that in the 16th century, the population of Metropolitan Portugal was close to three million -- of which 600,000 were balck slaves and freed slaves imported from west Africa and the Cape Verde Islands. Four centuries later, this sizeable black community has disappeared almost entirely absorbed into the indigenous Portuguese population.

"We are not Europeans at all," a traveller may be told. "We are basically white Africans living in Europe."

Yet while the Portuguese mentality seems capable of accepting racial differences somewhat easier than most, it is nonetheless a fact that the overall majority of the well-to-do in Mozambique -- as in all other areas of the Portugueseworld -- are white. With an occasional exception, the blacks are poor.

Statistics are not circulated showing racial origins, but may be the object of intelligent guessword. Everybody -- black, white or mixed -- is considered Portuguese. A very rough breakdown would be eight million blacks, 300,000 whites, and perhaps 500,000 of mixed race in Mozambique.

But the racial toleration of the Portugueseis a point not easily understood or accepted by Mozambique's neighbors -- Rhodesia (ratio 16 blacks to one white) and South Africa (four to one).

Both of these powerful allies -- themselves plagued by internal racist problems of enormous proportions and consequence -- consider Mozambique a weak link in the chain of southern white power.

To be sure, Portugal, Rhodesia and South Africa are strange bedfellows.

While Rhodesia has moved noticeably closer to South Africa's repressive apartheid system of white supremacy, Portugal has not -- and so far shows little inclination to do so. And yet, in an area where whites are outnumbered overall by something like 15 to one, there is obvious need for solidariy.

Portugal contunues to fight to retain Mozambique (and Angola and Portuguese Guinea as well) by utilizing large numbers of highly-trained and skilled black troops. The Lisbon government makes a big point of African loyalty -- and in any case, the black troops are desperately needed to bolster Portugal's numbers on the ground.

"The bulk of the population want to remain," officials will claim (without, however, reference to plebiscites on the issue), and they point to the loyalty of the black troops.

Quite clearly both South Africa and Rhodesia have strong doubts. They feel these black troops are not to be trusted -- and perhaps they have a point. In areas where the Portuguese army has not fared well there have been large numbers of desertions to the rebel cause. Seemingly, if the Portuguese suffer further military setbacks in the vicinity of the Cabora Bassa dam there will be even more black soldiers willing to switch sides.

Consistently over the past several years the South African government has indicated impatience with the manner in which the Portuguese military is handling its problems in adjoining Mozambique. There is a very real likelihood that in the event of a backdown by the Portuguese in face of demands (or military victory) by Mozambiquano nationalists, South Africa will enter -- invited or not -- to take matter into its own hands. In this event, Rhodesia would certainly follow suit.

Extremist regimes controlling white southern Africa are paranoid, determined and ruthless -- the more so now that guerrilla insurgents throughout the area are benefitting from both their acquired experience and revitalized arms supply lines (courtesy the communist bloc countries).

The sides are drawn. Neither can afford to back down. The battleground -- initially in Mozambique -- will quickly slurp over the borders into Zambia, Rhodesia and South Africa.

Since the beginning of their recent problems in Africa, the Portuguese have pleaded:

"Give us time, and we will resolve this..."

But after nearly 500 years of mismanagement and neglect, it looks as though "time" is the one crucial element that both blacks and whites will deny even the most well-meaning and liberal of Portuguese administrations.

The storm is breaking.

Sports

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and
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MANPOWER
ON CAMPUS
OFFICE
"V" BUILDING Finnerty and Sinclair
during the University of Victoria
Open House
Sat. Mar 9 Sun. Mar 10
1:00-6:00p.m.

CAMPUS DEVELOPMENT

I will be in the Council Office of the SUB to discuss matters concerning campus development. Questions and suggestions welcome.

Tuesday: 11:30 am to 12:30 pm
Friday: 11:30 am to 12:30 pm

Clayton Shold
Campus Development
Co-ordinator

TEACHERS REQUIRED

SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 52 (PRINCE RUPERT)

An interviewing team from School District No. 52 will be on campus March 18, 19 & 20. Graduating teachers may arrange for appointments at the Canada Manpower Office on campus. Teachers requiring evening interviews should send applications to:

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UVic boys beat James Bay but UVic girls beat boys

GIRLS AND BOYS together, at the almost-annual powder-puff rugby game last weekend. The bigger fellows took an early lead but, as usual, the girls came out on top in the end. Wallace Field was in its normal, muddy state.

On Saturday, the Norsemen moved to within one point of league leading James Bay by defeating the Bays 12-4.

The game was a see-saw battle with both sides having some good breaks. Steve Cowie went for a seventy-five yeard dash down the sideline on a set up by scrum-half Ted Zinkan to open the scoring. The Bays came back strongly though and scored a try in the dying seconds of the half to make it 6-4. The Norsemen put the pressure on in the second half and kept the Bays tied up in their own end. Ted Zinkan kicked a dropgoal from thirty yards to make it 9-4 for the Norsemen. The Bays never got back into the game after that and Peter Reinholte, who had converted the try, kickeda penalty goal to put the game out of reach.

On Friday, the almost-annually Powder Puff Game was held in the mud-hole that passes for Wallace Field. The girls had a full side out and put in a powerful if muddy performance to beat the guys 16-4. Some of the tries were a little irregular but the referee, who wasn't in control of the game from start to finish, didn't seem to know quite what to do about it.

The guys opened strongly, dumping every girl they could lay hands on into the mud, and scored an early try. The girls, however, were not to be intimidated and came back using every means available and quickly scored a try. Janet Simpson got the tally and Judy Manning converted it to move the girls out in front 6-4. The guys, flustered by the show of strength, started concentrating on the opposing players instead of the ball and were soon down another six points.

Marie Evans got that one and Judy Manning came through once again with the convert. The guys, plagud with numberous penalties, mainly handling in the loose rucks, never got back into the game itself. The girls final try was scored incognito as the mud made it impossible to tell who scored it. To the star who got it, sorry for the lack of recognition.

Vikings and Blues tied at two apiece

Playoff finals between the hockey Vikings and the Chemainus Blues have turned into a tight, home-game series--it's all tied up two to two.

The Vikings whipped the Blues 7-3 Friday night at the Esquimalt Arena with a pair of goals from Jack Richardson and David Cousins combined with singles by Terry Oscarson, Richard Piechotta and James Gustafson.

But the Blues came back on Saturday night in Chemainus to take the Vikings 7-5 in one of the most exciting rounds of hockey this year.

The Vikes outshot the Blues 48-32 only to lose the game in the final overtime period.

The final, deciding game is scheduled this Friday at 8 p.m. in the Esquimalt Arena--it's a bargain, three periods of exciting hockey free to all UVic students!

Skier runs into bad luck

Skier Ken Brown ran into some bad luck this past weekend at the Northwestern Collegiate Ski Championships in Oregon. The UVic representative had been ranked among the top ten racers in the pacific northwest, but a nasty spill thirty feet before the finish line moved his standing down to 26th out of the field of 40 competitors.

On the second last gate before the finish Brown caught a ski tip and crashed down the last section of the course.

Competition at the university level has come a long way in the past five years, as evidenced at the championships. Many ex-Can Am competitors and even members of nationals teams competed in Oregon.

Parking problem to be alleviated soon?

The total number of spaces on campus (general parking) is 2200 with 300-350 empty at peak periods. The solution for the moment is to get up earlier, park in the foothills, dodge the raindrops and leg it.

"We're not unaware of the difficulties." said Ian Campbell, Campus Planning Director when questioned in regard to the lack of parking behind the Campus Services Building.

As any student who drives knows, it is almost impossible to park in that lot after 9 a.m. any day of the week. To make matters even better this particular parking lot is the closest one to the new physical education complex due to open in the early fall.

As Campbell said, new parking facilities are being planned but "how much and where I can't tell you yet." Although not definite, a number of small lots might be paved by "P" hut and through out the hut area.

press gallery from five

to hold. It seems, at least according to this obviously unnameable source, that to relive the tension, i.e. the boredom of the sessions the honorable members quite often drank alot of liquids which, as we all know, can often lead to a sick feeling in the stomach. It still happens he said pointing his finger at certain members either sitting or temporarily out in the halls.

Following his finger I realized he speakers had changed, the words were different, the voice was different, and the style was different, but they left the same overall impression. When asked if I was on the Martlet I replied yes. A knowing nod of the head and he was gone, down in the halls, for what purpose I have no idea.

I left the gallery shortly afterwards and dropped into the press room on my way out. The press room was a complete surprise because it was exactly as I had imagined it. It looked like an editorial room from an early Humphry Bogart movie. The room was filled with old cluttered desks probably oak, but by no means certainly. On top of these desks, sometimes covered with paper, sometimes on top of piles of paper, and sometimes with paper in them, were all these old, old typewriters. You know the ones I mean. Picture the movie again, there is the editor, working late into the night, cigarette hanging sluttishily from his mouth, poking away at this old clunker of a typewriter. Ah, the mind boggles.

In one corner of the room are the telephone booths into which reporters run and madly dial their editors with "scoops" and "breaks". Along one wall are the telex machines, two of them, one chattering away noisely, the other out of words. And on the floor a mound of spewedout paper mounts up. Everywhere is studied confusion. In another corner, the coffee sits, "10 cents a cup, pay on your honour." And around the walls, old hansards, statutes of B.C., orders of the day, newspapers and of course the ever present cartoons about Auto-Plan. If nothing else Auto-Plan is giving the Newfies a chance to laugh at us for a change. Oh, well. And outside the windows a dingy courtyard and rain.

Leaving the pressroom I went out the side door, the one most press use (no wonder they acted strange when I came through the Golden Gates).

I must not forget the unforgettable, the newsmen themselves. Besides all looking tired, I would say, and mind you this is only my personal opinion, that most of the older newsmen remind me of this same Bogart movie I once saw, always tired, ragged and just plain raunchy.

But, you see, this is why I have faith in the vigilance of these men, and women for in the movie they caught the criminal, the editor married the office clerk, and they all lived happily, if somewhat drunkenly, ever after.

Shoeck from four

essentially amounts to a department's candidate sets a dangerous precedent.

As one senior faculty member put it: "are we going going to have chemistry candidates, and french department candidates and all get involved in massive "election campaigns"?"

And if a weak man was given the job after an "election campaign" by one or two departments, what would the heads and students of other departments think. Consider what could happen.

We wish Dr. Schoeck the best of luck and may-the-best-man-win and so on, etc., but the concept of departments pushing candidates in this manner worries us a lot.

We trust it won't become the way Canadian universities choose their presidents in future.

Ethnobotanist speaks on Indian cuisine

Former UVic graduate and ethnobotanist Nancy Turner will be the second speaker in a series of free illustrated lectures at the Newcombe Auditorium on March 8 at 8 p.m.

The lecture, "Indian Celery and Other Delicacies," will outline some traditional Indian delicacies including edible plants as diverse as berries and tree cambrium. Turner will also discuss cooking procedures and the traditions related to these foods as they were practised historically by the Northwest Coast Indians.

Turner will bring to light little known facts about edible plants which many people consider merely ornamental.

York U staff reject unionization

Canadian University Press

Members of the York University Staff Association (YUSA) voted against certification in a Feb. 21 referendum.

The results of the balloting showed 119 in favour of consensual agreement, 109 for a voluntary association and 40 for union certification.

Eleven candidates of the 14 running on a slate with newly-elected YUSA president, Gabriele Paddle, were elected to office.

The slate favours: voluntary recognition under the Labour Relations Act; better communication between members and the executive; improved working conditions, including a revised job classification system and improved status of women staff.

letters continued

for a chance to read and formulate my own judgements about the works of local writers.

The Martlet is far from perfect but it has come a long way since the slap-dash journalism of Mr. Hume and the childish, personal revenge trips that prevailed under Mr. Todd's editorship. It deserves more in the way of comment and criticism than Mr. Todd's angry and bitter backstabbing.

Face facts Dave. This year's Martlet is what your's set out to be but never, ever was.

Karen Falder
4th A & S

and another reply

Editor:

I wish to comment on Dave Todd's recent letter castigating the **Martlet**, and the **Martlet Literary Magazine** for various sins of commission. Mr. Todd, in his condemnation has lumped the two publications together. It appears that, in spite of being a previous editor, he has either forgotten, or does not know that each publication is autonomous. As editor of the **Martlet Literary Magazine**, I will deal only with that part of the letter referring to the magazine.

In his letter, Mr. Todd asks why Derk Wynand's **Snowscapes** were reprinted. If he had taken a moment to check the Feb. 4, 1971 **Martlet** he would have found that under the title **Snowscapes** three of Mr. Wynand's poems were published, they were, however, not the same poems that were published recently. The lesson here would appear to be that Mr. Todd should read past the title before rushing to his typewriter to splatter unfounded accusations about.

What distresses me most about the letter are the reasons given for **not** publishing work by Professor Skelton and Mr. Lawrence Russell. Material submitted to an editor should be judged on the basis of literary merit and nothing else. Mr. Todd, however, suggests that material should be viewed in the light of an author's previous failures, and personal reputation. The idea that a writer's work should be rejected because he has had a previous failure, would leave most of the great writers of history unrecognized.

The biased comments concerning Professor Skelton and Mr. Russell hardly deserve comment, and one can only speculate about their truthfulness, considering the total falsity of the statements about Mr. Wynand.

As a reader, Mr. Todd is entitled to his opinion, however unfavorable, of the contents of the **Martlet Literary Magazine.** As the editor this year I have tried to do two things: present a wide cross-section of student and faculty writing from all genres, and have a reasonable job of production done, keeping errors to a minimum. The literary quality of student work will vary greatly from year to year. However, I feel it is the responsibility of a magazine of this nature to encourage university writers by publishing their work.

Sincerely,
W.P. (Bill) Kinsella
Editor
Martlet Literary Magazine

please give blood

Editor:

I am writing to express the deep concern of the Canadian Hemophilia Society over advertisements now appearing in the publications of Canadian Universities, paid for by commercial firms which offer to buy blood from students. These ads openly ask the students if they need extra money.

Our organization feels strongly that we should bring to the attention of students, through your university publication, the following facts.

The Canadian Hemophilia Society was instituted some 20 years ago, through the efforts of concerned parents of hemophilic children, because of the lack of proper treatment and knowledge at that time to control this bleeding defect by blood transfusions. The Canadian Red Cross Voluntary Blood Donor Services have supported our cause, and indeed are the lifeline of hemophiliacs. It is through their efforts in the collection of blood from voluntary donors, and intensive research in this and other countries, that our boys and men are now able to have the best available treatment, and to enjoy their rightful place in society.

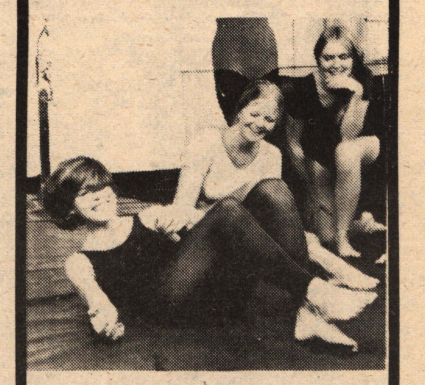
Canada has one of the highest records in the world as voluntary donors of blood, the products of which are used to treat all blood disorders, not just hemophilia. In fact, hemophiliacs use only one-fifth of a blood transfusion. Our Society takes the stand that the commercial sale of blood is repugnant, and we are certain that Canadians everywhere feel the same. We are sure that Canadian students are for the most part sympathetic with the present day philosophy that some things simply do not have a monetary value. Surely today's students would be shocked if an advertisement were to appear concerning the sale of an eye cornea, kidney or heart. Is not blood an even more vital matter? Nowhere in Canada does a patient requiring blood transfusions have to pay, because our hospitals are supplied through the Canadian Red Cross Voluntary Blood Services. We have been encouraged many times to note that blood donor clinics held at universities meet with great success. We are, therefore, all the more apprehensive to think that our universities might become commercial blood depots, if such advertisements are carried in their publications.

It might be of interest to you to know that where commercial blood depots exist, the incidence of hepatitis and other diseases has proven to be very much higher in purchased blood than that from volunteers. A person generous enough to give of himself would not risk concealment of a transmittable disease such as hepatitis, and so cause added suffering to the person requiring this vital material. However, a person deliberately selling his blood for monetary gain, is not concerned to reveal such information, and puts the onus on the buyer to make the discovery at a later date, and such discovery is often not possible until too late.

We know nothing of the firm or firms advertising for paid donors, or where they in turn sell the blood they buy, but their business obviously comes under the category of commercial blood banking. We can only hope and pray that Canadians will summarily reject such offers, and continue to freely donate blood in respect for their fellow citizens in times of need.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. C.E.C. Harris
President
Canadian Hemophilia Society

No matter how active you are



The more active you are, the more gymnastics and sports you participate in, the more you need to know about Tampax tampons.

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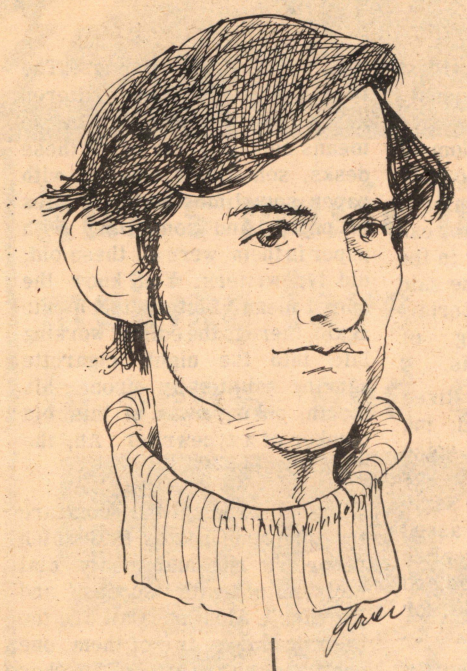


Simonsez

by Simon Gibson

Rampant abortion should be outlawed

I have never though of a fetus as mere tissue which may be removed with the mother's wishes much like the sppendix or tonsils. Which is to say, I am not disposed to abortion on demand'. Once the process has started, the ability to reproduce dying cells is present-- this being a hallmark of life. Only two possible futures are open to it: It may become a live human being, or a dead fetus.

While proponents of rampantabortion don't like to mention it, many operations take place when this tiny human is perfectly developed with tapered feet and hands. At two months, the fetus apparently resembles a miniature person.

What are the most popular techniques for destroying the unborn child? One is a special vacuum device with is inserted in the uterus and draws out the fetus. This, however, reportedly cannot be used after about twelve weeks because the developing child has grown too large and solid to pass through the suction pipe. Then a spoon-shaped device must be used.

salted and quartered

Styled in the manner of salad tongs, this implement is about ten inches long and has sharp edges. The doctor may have to stretch the uterine opening and as it will not dilate as in a normal pregnancy, the child is either crushed or cut into pieces and scooped out limb by limb.

Also, there is the 'salting out' technique which is used in advanced stages of pregnancy. In this 'operation', a hypodermic needle is inserted through the mother's abdomen and into the sac containing the child. The solution, as the name suggests, is about twenty per cent salt and is intended to cause the fetus to shrivel up and die. Hopefully, the fetus is expelled in two days.

While little information is available, one understands that the fetus at three months, once aborted, will often struggle for life for as long as two or three hours.

no age limit to killing

In those exceedingly rare cases of rape, there is probably an adequate case for abortion. The fact is that because of the trauma and terror involved, pregnancy is very unlikely. Nevertheless, it is logical that the state protect the unsuspecting women and not burden her with the rapist's child. A woman who has been assaulted in such a manner may get to the doctor promptly and the chances are that the ovum will not even have been fertilized.

One supposes that if an innocent human being can be killed because he is too young (having not lived nine months from his conception) then the same principle might be applied if he is too old.

Not wishing to sound like an alarmist, I shall instead quote from Dr. R.A. Gallop of the University of Manitoba: "Once you permit the killing of the unborn child there will be no stopping. There will be no age limit. You are setting off a chain reaction that will eventually make you the victim. Your children will kill you because you permitted the killing of their brothers and sisters. Your children will kill you because they will not want to support you in your old age. This is the terrible nightmare you are creating for the future."

If there is a good argument for abortion on demand, I have yet to hear it.

his style old style

He opened up the north with baling wire, canvas and courage—and maybe the thought of Old Style Beer waiting when he made it back home. Old Style has logged a lot of miles and quenched a lot of thirsts since way-back-then; and it tastes just as good today. Slow-brewed and naturally aged for men who appreciate the down-to-earth flavour of an honest, old-time beer. Try it.

Old Style SLOW-BREWED AND NATURALLY AGED.

A&W Hamburgers and rampant tonsilectomies

The other morning, or rather, afternoon, a friend and I -- heads still pounding from the previous night's entertainment -- decided to have a late breakfast at the Colwood A & W.

Now the Colwood A & W isn't all that far from Royal Roads Military College which houses, among other things, almost 200 clean-cut, athletic and healthy young fellows who prompted an outburst in this column a couple of weeks ago. Some of them you'll remember stuck little posters all over UVic objecting to a front-page picture in a recent Martlet which said they looked like doormen at the Santiago Hilton. (They do.)

Needless to say they were caught and, no doubt, there's some of them who'll never be able to look a potato in the eye again...

But there we were -- two of the instigators of the whole silly thing -- sitting there munching our Papa and cheese burgers when who should drive up but a couple of Roadents!

At least we were pretty sure they were Roadents, I mean, who else can combine haircuts like that with such rosy cheeks? Especially in times like these when even boy scouts have long greasy hair and pastey complexions.

Hurriedly borrowing a pencil from a car-hop (just think of the puns we'll be able to make if they ever admit women to military schools...) we penned a large sign which said, in true Royal Roads style: LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE SANTIAGO HILTON!

Pretty soon the grim expressions (we were bigger than them) turned to smiles. See, a little humor can patch up all kinds of problems. After five minutes of waving silly signs we were all pals.

How about that -- won't they be mad when they discover Birnam Wood slipped right through their fingers. Maybe they didn't recognize me without the beard...

And now with the singular audacity of Birnam Wood I'm going to turn to a completely different subject, right in the middle of the column.

I get my ideas, by the way, by rooting through the copy bin when the editor is out of the room. (Which is hard, when you **are** the editor writing under a pen-name...)

In the copy bin I discovered this **important document**, typed in blue ink on onionskin paper. It's so important I believe it stands on its own -- just like my socks.

So, without further ado:

"I have never thought of a tonsil as a mere tissue to be removed at will by the person (or his or her doctor) whose throat it lives in. To put this another way, I'm not disposed to tonsilectomies on demand.

"Now while this spate of rampant tonsilectomies -- which serious doctors are now telling us (really!) aren't "usually" needed -- most people, often even the victims themselves, don't know the methods used against the happy little fellows who live in your throats...

"What are the most popular techniques for destroying even healthy tonsils? The traditional, of course, is a long knife. The little red tonsils are severed for all time from the throat that nurtured them by the razor sharp instrument of destruction. (One doctor I know tells me that one can even hear a tonsil scream as the blade destroys its connection with the life-giving body it grew up with!)

"The other method is even uglier. An instrument styled like a Nazi's liger, with a thin wire loop protruding from the 'business end' is shoved down the knocked-out victim's throat and then, as the trigger is pulled, the tiny tonsil is strangled like a Roman prisoner! Brutal.

"And what of the poor tonsil? Left to rot in the bottom of a garbage can, alone, and very, very small...

"In the exceedingly rare cases of infection there may be cause for removal. But, more often than not, the concern over a sore throat will cause the infection to go away like so many social diseases without a trace...'

Here the page ends and, alas, the rest of the document is lost. I guess we'll never know who wrote it.

Canada Council reps questioned

A small crowd, never numbering more than 50, wandered in and out of Mac 144 Thursday to hear four representatives of the Canada Council explain themselves.

The group, John Prentice, chairman of the Canada Council, Guy Rochair, vice-chairman, Frank Milligan, associate director for university affairs, and Nini Baird, a council member, spoke and answered questions for two hours starting at 3 p.m.

The members were queried on such matters as the role of artists employed by academic institutions and the emphasis of the council on projects rather than work itself, no matter what the results are.

Giving an answer, explained Milligan repeatedly, is difficult since the government has announced the council will soon be split into two councils -- one for the arts and one for humanities.

"I don't know what will happen when the council becomes two councils..."

After the meeting chairman Prentice explained that little is known of the government's plan except that it is their plan. He said he understood the present council will deal with the arts and a completely new council will be formed to deal with the humanities.

During the meeting one questioner asked the representatives what they would do about the position of "academic artists" seeking Canada Council grants.

"There's a problem...artists are judged against more conventional scholars...an artist feels that's unfair," he explained.

"If we put him in competition with non-academic artists," stated Milligan, "Then they howl because they don't get a regular stipend."

UVic vice-president Steve Jennings asked why the Canada Council emphasizes projects rather than the results of an individual's work.

"The National Research Council (a similar science-oriented granting body) attaches significance to the individual scientists and doesn't hold him to what he says he'll do," stated Jennings.

"You people hold him to the project. Any possibility of change?"

"I think not," said Milligan, "a social scientist has a very different pattern of costs. Under those circumstances the costs can only be judges in terms of a particular project."

Other matters covered were such topics as discipline and control: "It's open to abuse -- the costs of policing would be impossible."

Explained one member: after the project is completed the council asks for copies of any published work. "Several years ago we didn't even do that."

And getting reports on completed work: "we ask recipients to report..."

"In the past," said one, "we shot our arrows in the air, where they fell we knew not where..."

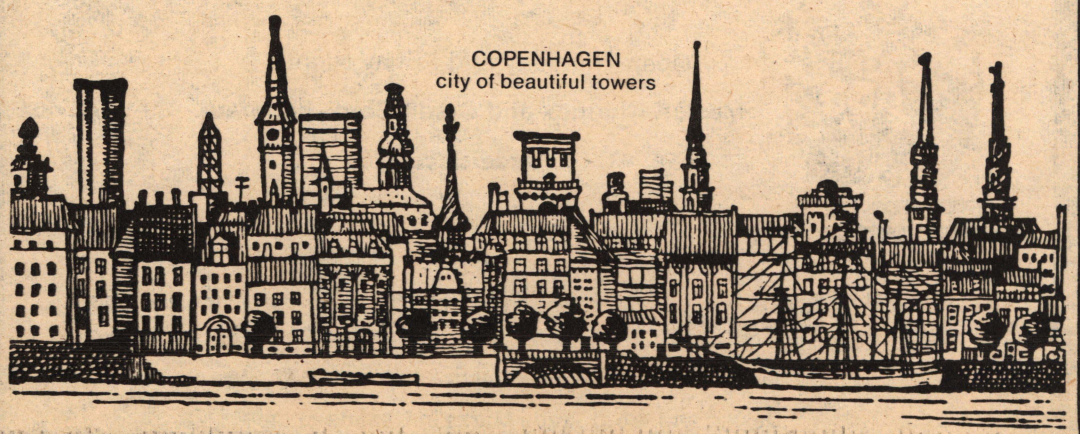
The general tone of the meeting, however, was set by artist Don Harvey. "I have been on the receiving end of the Canada Council and I'm very thankful for it," he said thankfully, "but there's a very real danger the Canada Council's getting into a minimum income situation with young artists..."

The glorious beer of Copenhagen

Now brewed in British Columbia

Carlsberg has long been the world's most exported Lager beer. Now Carlsberg, the glorious beer of Copenhagen, is brewed right here in British Columbia. And because it's now brewed here, you can enjoy Carlsberg fresh from the Brewery.

Carlsberg . . . brewed with all the skill and tradition of Denmark to the taste of Canadian beer drinkers. Discover Carlsberg for yourself.



Sonny and Brownie... no flash and a little fireworks

By Ian McCrimmon

Special to the Martlet

A duet which is becoming a regular phenomenon in Victoria appeared briefly at the McPherson Playhouse on Sunday evening, March 3 for a two-set performance.

A Canadian folk duo by the name of K.D. Fiddy, exercising a ponderous Lightfoot-Valdy influence, preceded the main act.

Their absence was quickly relieved by another pair who have found the right sound and know how to use it.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee are a pair of black debilitated musicians who, through their ability to convey their feeling for the rough-edged blues of the barrel houses and honky-tonks, have created a two-man campaign to revitalize and supercharge the rural blues traditions for their white audience.

Their music has a loose, whooping quality yet remains unfalteringly tight and forceful. No flash and a little fireworks characterize these two who play tough and honest, late night, lowdown blues.

Because they work in a more commercial circuit, the flavour of the gin mill in their earthy musicianship has just about worn off.

Their personal lyrics are built instrumentally on a standard blues format, punctuated by improvised trade-offs.

"If blues was Whisky, babe, I would be drunk all the time," should be Sonny's line. The results of Sonny's improvisational whooping is, primitive, but this Cajun influence almost tastefully breaks the blues monotony, entrancing even the children in the audience.

Frankly, after only a forty-five minute performance, the hectic harp-blowing combined with Sonny's strained mannerisms, (which often characterize blind performers), were bolstered only by the emotion conveyed.

Sonny's vocal surprises and infectious humour was shared by Brownie McGhee's bright honestly felt emotions, evidenced both in his sharp and subtle guitar playing as well as his relaxed yet precise spontaniety.

Brownie's chord images, rhythms, and lyrical anecdotes are a delight but don't fall into the ego-tripping soloist trap which so many performers are falling into.

Brownie's early fifties type back-home fuzz tone, plus Sonny's wailing harmonica, have once again offered Victoria the blues; the honestly felt emotions even whites can identify with. After all, in a place like Victoria we're lucky to get some music with surface instead of substance once in a while!

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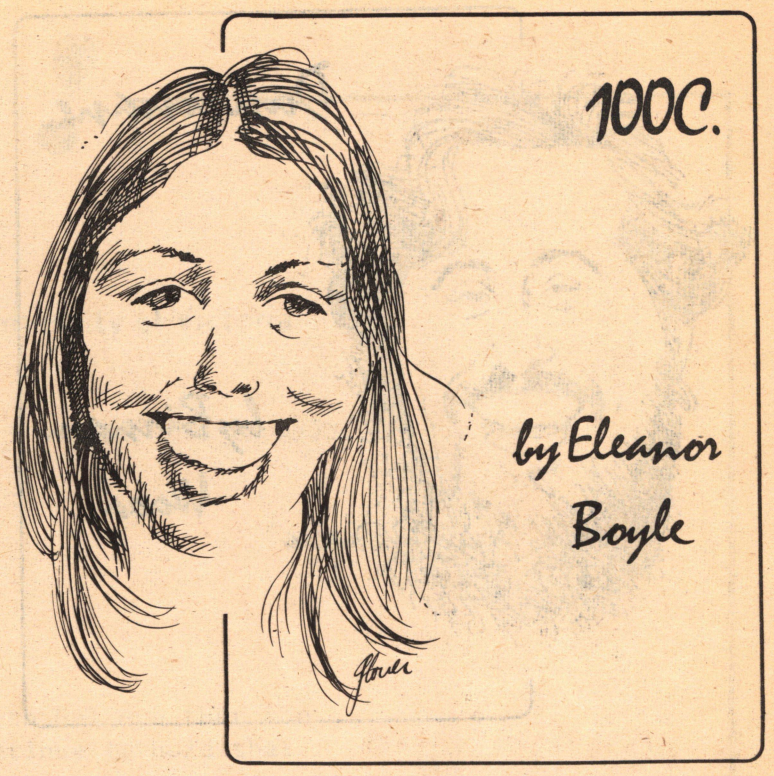


What do nuclear physicists do?

On February 22 and 23 the Western Regional Nuclear Conference was held at UVic and attended by about 100 students and professors from western Canadian universities.

They didn't talk about nuclear power plants, or power at all. They talked about nuclei.

Said Dr. R. M. Pearce of UVic's Physics department, "we're academics and don't deal with the actual engineering problems of nuclear power. Once a problem is understood by the technicians we step out. The question of nuclear power is no longer one for physicists but for environmentalists, planners and engineers."

Physicists, quite rightly, he said, hate to oversimplify. But what was basically discussed at the conference was, "what holds the nucleus together?"

"Lepage's?" I offered, "Bondfast?"

But papers presented at the conference made no mention of glue. Topics included "the proton charge form factor at low momentum transfer," "studies of quasi-free scattering on helium and hydrogen atoms," and "nuclear raduis and structure in A equals 19 nuclei."

"Huh?" I asked Pearce.

The kind of problems that nuclear physicists get involved in today, he said, basically seek answers to questions like, "can time go backwards?" and "is there a difference between right and left? or, are the physical laws symmetrical under reflection?", or "is the mirror world our world?"

Hey, freaky.

At an intuitive level it seems that time must go nowhere but forward. The Swiss would be out of business if it worked any other way.

At the molecular level, however, it's not an open and shut case.

Time reversal was first thought to be experimentally possible when traditional space reversal symmetry laws were found violated under certain conditions.

The laws were violated at the molecular level, but a life-size analogy is the behavior of a clock which we'll call right-handed, and the clock's mirror image. If another clock were built to look exactly like the one in the mirror, we could call it a left-handed clock.

An experiment done at the molecular level involving particle disintegration, showed essentially that the two clocks keep different time!

Do left and right, then, basically differ?

Experiments on time reversal utilize the speed of particle decay as some representation of time continuity.

Can time, then, go backwards?

Nothing is yet conclusive, but for you and I time marches on.

Some physicists, surely those endowed by NRC grants, spend hours wondering whether a clock and its mirror image would keep the same time if one of the clocks were made of anti-matter, or matter having opposite physical properties to its 'uncle.'

And why do two kinds of sugar, they ask, one natural and one artificial containing a few bacteria, when mixed with water consistently reflect polarized light in different directions?

Why does right-handed sugar taste different from left-handed sugar?

It's about here that the nuclear physicist backs away from the domain of the chemist.

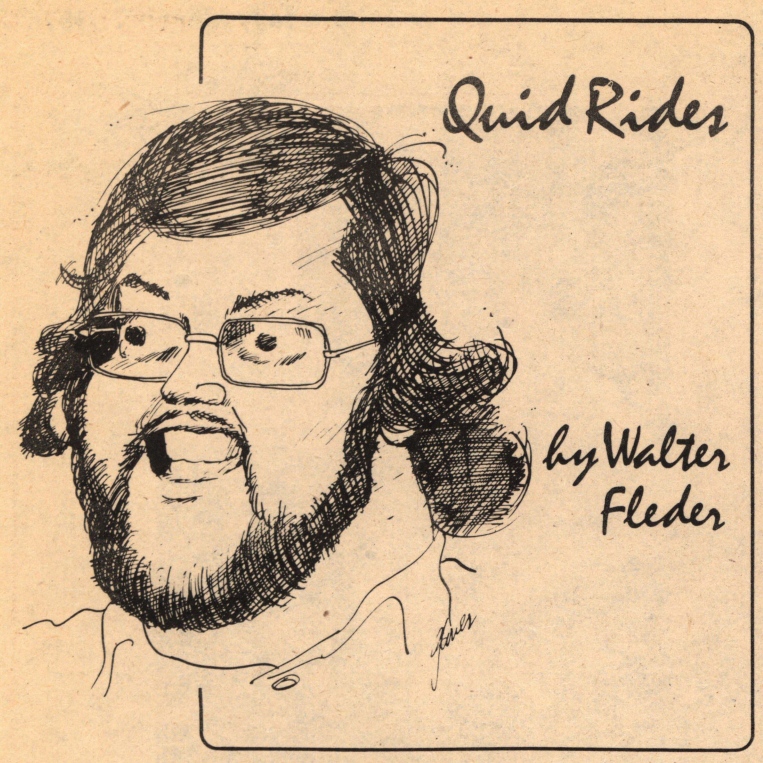
Nuclear physicists have done things like sending clocks around the world, one eastward and one westward to see if they record the same time when they get back.

They don't. The one flying eastward loses time and the one flying westward gains time. Fantastic.

No one's yet refuted Einstein on that one.

Nuclear physicists utilize theories every day that the man on the street would find hard to believe. Objects in motion age more slowly than objects at rest? Tell me another one, me'd say.

But it's all true though it seems science fiction, and some of it's happening here at UVic.



A rough time at the Beaver, a good time at restaurants

The other day a fly committed suicide in my drink, I know that sounds like an old joke but it actually happened, a fly dove head first into a glass of beer I was quietly sipping away at in the Beaver Room.

The fly landed on the edge of the glass first and strolled around surveying the situation. He walked around the rim twice and sipped at the foam near the edge of the glass. I'm not sure if he (or she) was overcome by the amount of beer consumed and simply fell in or was overanxious for more and recklessly tried to swim around in the contents of the glass sucking up as much as possible but the result was disaster. I called the waitress and the poor little fellow was unceremoniusly poured down the drain, undoubtedly to meet a sewagey fate.

I was at first a little nervous about calling the waitress because I'm supposed to be barred from the Beaver. Several months ago I'd been drinking there and whenI wanted to leave ?(before I became too loaded to get home) I asked for half a dozen beer to take with me. I was told I **must** buy a whole case, they would **not** sell anything less. They told me that because of storage problems they couldn't handle half cases. I suggested they either open a case or give me six single bottles off the shelf (they had single bottles in the cooler to serve customers who didn't want draft beer) but I was then told it was "Hotel policy" to sell full cases only. In my half drunken stupidity I asked to see a member of the hotel management so that Imight convince him of the problems this policy would cause. I was brushed off by the bouncer.

Several weeks later I returned to the Beaver Room after asking the LCB if it was legal to tell someone they **had to** buy a certain quantity of liquor. The man from the LCB assured me that the promotion of the sale of more liquor than a customer wishes was definitely against the policy of the LCB.

I was not exactly welcomed with open arms by the bartender but I was served and when I asked for a single beer to take out I got it. However, the next time I went in to the Beaver it was a different story. I had already had a couple of beer when the bouncer recognized me (it is easy to spot the bouncer in the Beaver, he is the older gentleman who looks like a retired Canadian Pacific Railway clerk, but assures everyone who'll listen that he is a retired colonel)and came over to our table. He saidmychair was blocking the aisle a little and asked me to move to the other side of the table. I rose whereupon he took my chair and put it away. After a short discussion regarding where I was going to sit I was told I was not going to sit anywhere and was not welcome back. It was suggested that I go to the Liquor ControlBoard and complain about **that**. So you see that you get barred in the nicest way from the nicer places, but you can also see why I was a little reluctant to complain when that little fellow (who looked like a regular patron) did a nose dive into my beer and made very quiet gurgling noises. Nevertheless the waitress was very nice about it, I don't know whether she dried the poor little thing out or just dumped him down the drain but she did replace my beer. At least I think it was a **new** beer.

A friend of mine claims to have poured a cockroachout of a teapot in a local reasurant and now he says he can get a free pot of tea there whenever he wants.You can see how someone with a small store of cockroaches at home could eat free anywhere he pleased. I think I would rather pay.

I have never had any meals served to me that contained noxious insects or vermin but I have had a few meals that might even have been improved by an insect or two. At a restaurant that was recommendedby George Gerhardt, a coumnist for the Victorian Weekly, I had a steak that tasted like a shoe that had been tenderized by a smowmobile in the middle of summer. Last week I was coerced into grabbing a quick grease burger at a local drive-in that specializes in food that was cooked long before you get there so it will be ready right away. I walked outside with my burger and a dog tried to chase it up a tree. The fellow I was with told me not to worry, he had come out of the same place last summer just as the Talley-Ho was going by. He said the horses all looked at his burger and started to cry but, he said, he ate it anyway and survived.

Don't let me discourage you from eating in resaurants, most of them are very good. One of the best places for Chinese food is the Peking House. They have some of the more exotic Chinese dishes on the menu. One of the specialties of the house is the soups. Hot and sour soup and the Won Ton soup are magnificent. The whole Barbacued Rock Cod with Garlic and Black Bean Sauce is very good but they don't always have it.

con't top of page

Quid Rides continued

If there is no Rock Cod try Ginger and Onion Cracked Crab, or Gee Gee Chicken Bowl. If you are going to the Peking House it is best to go in a group of at least four people so that you can sample several dishes (most dishes will serve four or five people).

If you would like something special but more conventional there are two good resaurants near the university that serve excellent steaks. There is the Village Inn just down the hill in Cadboro Bay Village and the Longhorn over on Shelbourne.

A little added extra with the steaks at the Village Inn is the garlic fried bread freshly toasted on the grill--absolutely delicious.

The Shah Jahan, a new restaurant on Fort Street which specializes in East Indian food is very nice but beware, when they say you can order the curry mild, medium or hot they are not fooling around - the hot is **hot!** It will make your mouth sting, your eyes water and the sweat pour from your face.

All the places I have mentioned are licensed. The service is excellent and they are all fairly reasonable.

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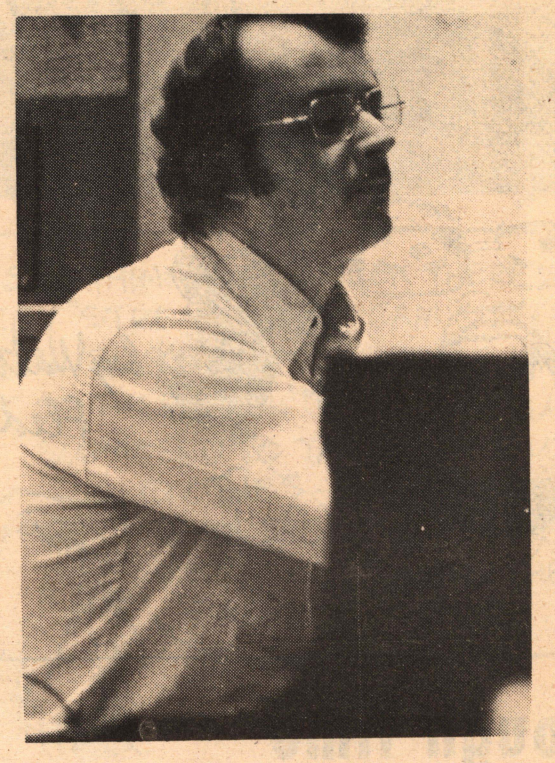

UVIC JAZZ BAND

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Contemplating the Presidency: it should take time

By DAVID WORTHY

special to the martlet

For the third time since 1963, the University of Victoria is looking for a new president.

Dr. Hugh Farquhar, who has held the post since 1972, announced on February 12 his intention to resign at the end of the current academic year, June 30.

The **Martlet** stated on February 14 that a search committee headed by Stephen Cunliffe, chairman of the board of governors, has been established to locate a successor.

The 14-member "Advisory Committee to Nominate Candidates for the Presidency" is composed of chairman Cunliffe, chancellor R.T. Wallace, board member Canon Hilary Butler, senators M.J. Ashwood-Smith and Bill Gordon, dean Jean-Paul Vinay, faculty representatives D.J. Chabassol, John Climenhaga, Charles Daniels and A. Fischer, faculty association president J.A. Downing, student president Kirk Patterson, graduate student president James London, and alumni president Olivia Barr. The assistant to the president and secretary to the board, James Currie, is the secretary and non-voting member of the committee.

In the February 28 issue of the **Martlet**, it was reported that more than 65 names have been placed before the committee, through either nomination or application.

uniquely North American

The newspaper said the most prominent candidates are dean of fine arts Peter Smith and the director of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C. Richard Schoeck. Other candidates named by the newspaper include former dean of arts and science John Climenhaga, associate professor Izzud-Din Pal, assistant dean or arts and science Bryan Gooch, and presidential assistant John Dewey.

The powers and duties of the university president are circumscribed in the Universities Act, a provincial statute which was enacted on March 27, 1963.

The president, or "chief executive officer", is authorized to supervise and direct the academic and administrative activities of the institution, having the power to suspend members of the faculty, staff or student body. A suspended faculty or staff member can appeal to the Board and a suspended student can appeal to the Senate. The act also says the president is chairman of the senate and the faculty council and is a member of each faculty. In the absence of the chancellor, the president will act as chairman of convocation and will confer degrees.

The provincial government's decision to implement a presidential system in the three universities is a significant one because it maintains a North American tradition which began in the American colonies of the seventeenth century.

In Europe, especially England and Scotland, the leadership of the university has been vested in a rector or chancellor, a position which was, and still is, less powerful than that of a president. The North American experience encouraged the development of a strong centralized authority because college teachers were mobile, frequently changing institutions, leaving the president as one of the few permanent features of a college. The centralization of authority was also encouraged by the use of governing boards of laymen. The boards were dependent on the president to assume executive responsibilities and their authority became vested in the president.

The position and title of the academic president began in 1640 with the appointment of Henry Dunster at Harvard College. Since that time, most universities in the United States and Canada have a president as the holder of the highest office in the institution.

Although North American universities vary in size, academic orientation and prestige, there is considerable consistency regarding procedures for selecting a president and regarding the qualifications required of an individual seeking the position.

At most institutions, including the University of Victoria, the authority to appoint a president is vested in the governing board. Prior to World War II the Board received applications and nominations, interviewed the most attractive candidates and selected the most promising individual. Today, the Board establishes a search-and-screen committee, composed of faculty, administration, alumni and board members, which seeks out and interviews candidates. Within the last 10 years it has become practice to include students on the committee.

Frequently the committee consults with the board to establish specifications for the position before proceeding with the search. Its task is completed when a list of the six or less superior candidates is presented to the board which then conducts interviews and makes the final selection.

Members of the university community have an advantage over outside candidates because their abilities and accomplishments are known. It has been estimated that half of the presidential appointments go to applicants already employed by the institution concerned.

Most studies of the academic presidency have been made in the United States, but their results can be applied to Canadian universities. Examination of the qualifications required of a university president indicate that appointments go to married, white, male academics in their forties or early fifties. The academic requirements include an earned doctorate and campus experience in teaching, research or administration, preferably in two of these areas. A forceful personality and speaking talent are also required. Search committees are most likely to reject the very young and the old, radicals and reactionaries, foreigners, females, bachelors, members of minority groups and those lacking academic experience...

Analyses of the selection procedure show that the process is a lengthy one, requiring from several months to a year or more.

The first president of the university, Dr. Malcolm G. Taylor, was appointed in December, 1963, and was

President Hugh Farquhar: who will replace him?

officially installed on November 14, 1964. The selection committee had deliberated for 10 months before selecting Dr. Taylor. An editorial in the Dec. 19, 1963, issue of the **Victoria Daily Times** noted that "choice of a president has aroused wide interest in this community, and there has been impatience in many quarters as time has gone by." The editorial concluded, however, that "Dr. Taylor may be assured of the whole-hearted support of both the university and the community in his efforts to direct its course into a most promising future."

On February 20, 1968, the first president announced his resignation, to be effective June 30. Dr. Taylor said his departure was not prompted by conflict between himself and the Board of Governors. "No president is supported by the entire faculty and boards of governors...but this is not a factor here," he said.

University chancellor R.B. Wilson said the board received his resignation with "the utmost regret."

The dean of administration, Robert Wallace, was appointed acting president on March 20, 1968, by the board. An article in the Mar. 20 issue of the **Times** quoted chancellor Wilson, saying, "Dean Wallace will assume the post while an international search is carried out for a permanent replacement for Dr. Taylor."

Chancellor Wilson said the board had appointed a committee to advise on selection of a new president. The committee was comprised of two members of the Board of Governors, the four deans, the director of fine arts, two senate representatives, two faculty members, one undergraduate and one graduate student, one representative each from the alumni association, the faculties of fine arts and education and the school of fine arts.

"The committee will determine the best prospects and prepare a short list of those who prove most outstanding through their scholarship and ability to lead. The board itself, under the Universities Act, is charged with making the appointment," said the chancellor.

Eight months later, on November 18, 1968, Bruce J. Partridge was appointed the second president of the university. In making the announcement, chancellor Wilson said, "his qualifications are so outstanding that the final choice was relatively easy. He has an ideal blend of ability, youth, and wide experience in university governance. We are delighted ohat he has agreed to accept the presidency here."

In a front page article on the appointment, the **Times** said Partridge received an honors degree in physics from Oberlin College and two degrees from Blackstone College of Law, a bachelor of laws and a doctorate of jurisprudence.

The article included a statement from the president of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Lincoln Gordon, which said, "Bruce Partridge has made a great contribution to the well-being of Hopkins during his four years in Baltimore, not only as a superb chief administrative and financial officer, but also as a most thoughtful and constructive participant in the development of academic policies and programs."

Partridge officially assumed office on July 1, 1969.

The president's qualifications came into question early in 1971 when the January 28 issue of the **Martlet** demonstrated that the two degrees from Blackstone College were not recognized degrees. The feature story in the Jan. 29 issue of the **Times** said the Board of Governors was holding lengthy, unscheduled meetings to discuss the president's academic qualifications.

Speaking in support of the president, former chancellor Wilson said, these degrees were recognized at the time of his appointment as vice-president of Johns Hopkins University.

"Bruce Partridge's appointment as president of UVic was the culmination of an exhaustive fearch and many interviews by the advisory committee, composed of 19 representatives from the faculty, students, alumni, and the board of governors."

He added that "we were searching for the best man available for the presidency, and have good reason to be pleased with the ability and leadership he has displayed since assuming the presidency about 19 months ago. I regret that the **Martlet** has started what appears to me to be a campaign of character assassination."

The **Times** article said Blackstone College is "not approved" by the American Bar Association.

Also in the Times issue was a statement from the president in response to the **Martlet's** contention that he had "purchased degrees from a 'degree mill'." Partridge said the matter was a "smear campaign" and any action taken by him, "legal or otherwise", would be discussed with the Board.

In May, 1971, the president was censured by the Canadian Association of University Teachers for his handling of contract disputes with some faculty members, William Goede, Tikam Jain and Toby Graff. Partridge submitted his resignation on Nov. 16, effective Jan. 31, 1972. The resignation was reported in the Nov. 17 issue of the **Times**. In the article, chancellor Roderick Haig-Brown expressed regret that the president was leaving and said, "he has done a lot of good up there." The president of the faculty association, Dr. Charles Doyle, said the resignation was "the best thing that could have happened to the university."

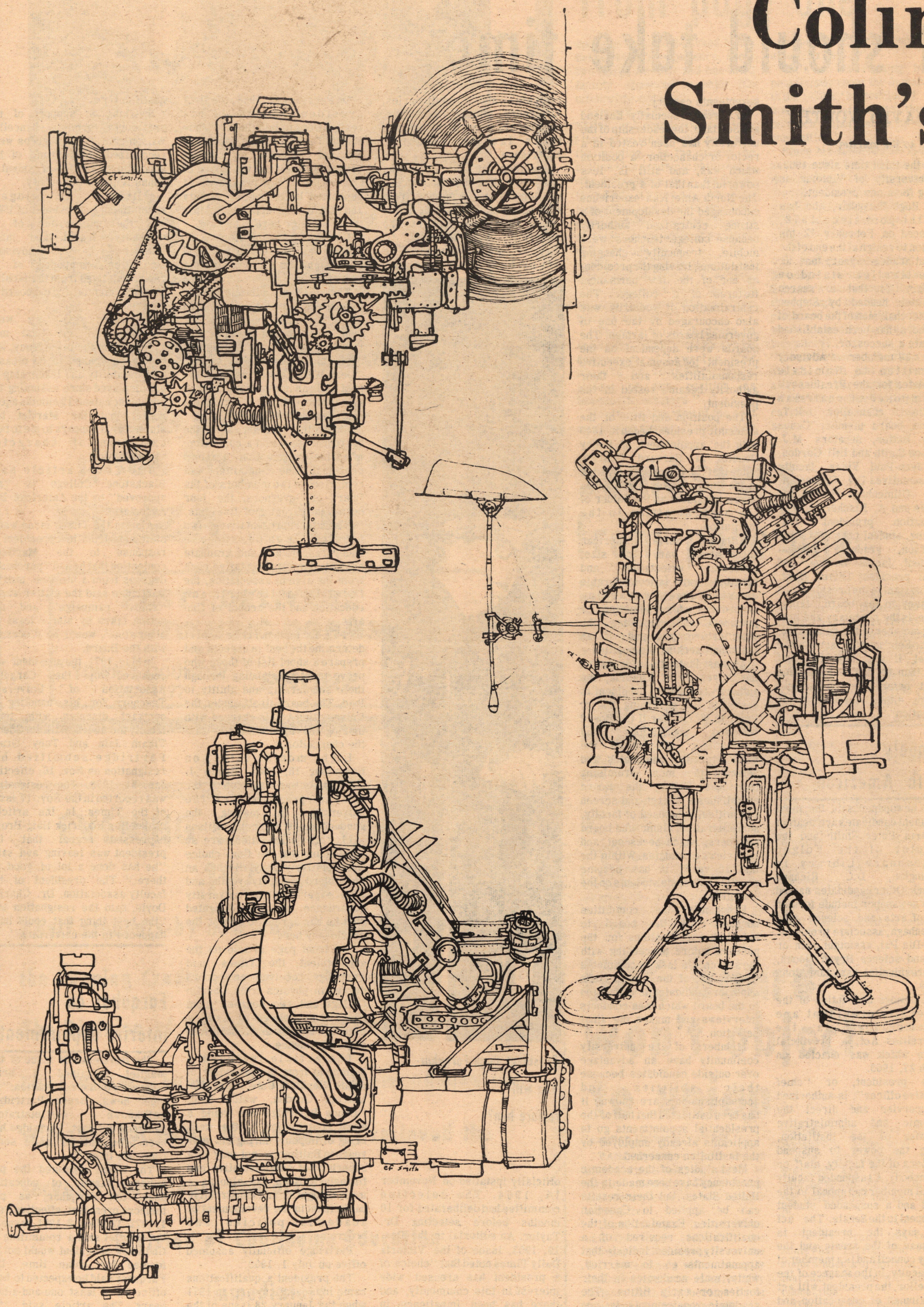
Farquhar an interim appointment

The November 18 issue of the **Martlet** contained a brief reference to the resignation: "In other news, Bruce Partridge, well-known administrator, resigned his post. Partridge has been president for quite some time. We think."

The board appointed the pro **tempore** faculty of education dean, Dr. Farquhar, as pro **tempore** president, effective Feb. 1, 1972. The Dec. 2, 1971, issue of the **Martlet** said a committee to find a new president would not be formed for some time. Dr. Farquhar said he expected to hold office for at least one-and-a-half years. The article said, "no indication was given about who would be on such a committee, but a student spokesman said that students were aiming for student-faculty parity."

Dr. Farquhar was appointed president on July 1, 1972 by the Board.

Colin Smith's



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